THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Alabama Points a Moral 29
Week by Week 30
Catholic History 34
The War of Wealth ..... A. Lugan 35
A Wayside Virgin (*verse*) ..... Charlotte Becker 36
Places and Persons ..... John C. Cahalan, jr. 37
Two Sisters (*verse*) ..... Mary H. Dwyer 38
November, Month of Holy Souls .... Sheila Kaye-Smith 39
Political March of the Veterans .... Oliver McKee, jr. 40
The Fiction of Writing ..... Frederic Thompson 42
Woodbine (*verse*) ..... Padraic Colum 44
Saint Augustine Unedited ..... Igino Giordani 44
"The Glimmering Landscape" ..... Sister Eugenia 46
Communications 46
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 48
Friendship (*verse*) ..... Sister Rose of Saint Mary 49
Books ..... Morton Dauwen Zabel, Julia Kernan, Kilian J. Hennrich, Henry Morton Robinson, Charles Willis Thompson, R. Burnham-Clinton, Cuthbert Wright 50

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ALABAMA POINTS A MORAL

THE PROMINENCE of Alabama in the recent election, and the morals drawn from the result there, make this a profitable moment to do a little heart-searching on an almost universal and regrettably slipshod habit of mind. The habit referred to is one that might be less common if there was a more frequent combination of charity and sweet reasonableness in considering men and things. It is the habit of docketing and ticketing human frailties—and excellences—by states, sections of the country, and often by nations.

For many years, for instance, Alabama has been a figure of fun before the amused eyes of the other forty-seven states by reason of the fact that J. Thomas Heflin has been a man she delighteth to honor. Mr. Heflin has been so honered by being in Congress since 1902, and has twice been in the senatorial chamber of it by the suffrage of his state. In all that time, but more especially since he entered the Senate in 1920, he has made Alabama ridiculous. The guffaws of the forty-seven states have not been directed at him alone, unfortunately; they have been directed at the state which elected him. As a result of his senatorial disportings, Alabama has come to be an object of some wonder; what kind of people can inhabit that state? The easy answer has been that she is benighted, and unable to distinguish between a statesman and a clown.

Let us see. Heflin's colleague, most of the time, was Oscar W. Underwood, also twice elected by the people. He was one of the ablest men in Congress. He was elected by the House Democrats to be their leader, and was a leader of great distinction. His enduring mark was made in the Underwood tariff law, but he commanded the respect of both parties in all debate and all legislation during his service, before and after his promotion to the Senate. A Republican President selected him as American representative on the Conference on Limitation and Armament, and six years later he represented this country at the International Conference of American States. He was twice a candidate for the presidential nomination, in 1912 and 1924, and each time his opponents conceded that he was a man of full presidential stature.

His colleague, before Heflin joined him in the Senate, was John Hollis Bankhead, not a great man, but one of solid, sensible, serious worth. Bankhead succeeded John Tyler Morgan, a Confederate general and one of the intellectual leaders of the Senate, a man who instantly recalled to you the "Southern gentleman of

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the old school." When he dignified the Senate with his presence his colleague was Edmund Winston Pettus, who had been an officer in the Mexican War, a general in the Civil War, and a judge; he was eminently respected by both Republicans and Democrats in the Senate. In 1897 Pettus succeeded James L. Pugh, a man of the same type, who had been one of the leaders of that chamber. It is not necessary to go further back.

In Underwood's service a dashing, attractive man who might be supposed to have more popular appeal than that serious and quiet statesman undertook to capture his seat. He was Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, who sank the Merrimac in 1898, and whose capital was a Heflinesque ability to tickle the ears of the groundlings, though he was not so preposterous as Heflin. Alabama refused to be swept off her feet by his oratory, defeated him and retained the less brilliant but more solid man who shed luster upon her.

Is this the record of a yokel state, a redneck and hillbilly state filled with darkened minds? Heflin was her misfit exception to an unusually brilliant record; yet she has been pictured, not as the state which honored Underwood, Bankhead, Morgan, Pugh and Pettus, but as the state which showed her darkness of mind by going on a spree and electing the solitary Heflin. She has furnished an object lesson, not of the foolishness of a state, but of the foolishness of that habit of mind which seizes on exceptions and makes of them generalizations.

It is a lesson worth taking to heart, not for Alabama's sake, but for the sake of other states, sections and nations which suffer similarly. Because there were narrow-minded men in New England 200 years ago, we shall never hear the last of "New England bigotry," despite the fact that in the nineteenth century New England led in spreading intellectual light and warmth; we hear always of the "New England" blue laws, never of worse ones in other states. The whole South suffered for the blatancies of the "fire-eaters," as if there had been no Southerners but Yancey, no men like Stephens and Ben Hill. If a whisky-soaked mob lynches a Negro, it is "Southern barbarism," and we hear nothing of men like Governor Stanley of Kentucky rescuing a Negro from a mob, or of the Southern newspapers which take the lead in upholding the rights of the accused. In the West and South, New York is visualized as a crass vulgarian, bloated with money and insolence.

And nations? Scotch meanness is a proverb, though all one has to do is to use his eyes and see Scotch generosity, often Scotch wastefulness. The Germans are always "phlegmatic," and in the same breath they are "sentimental," a curious contradiction. The Yankee is "cold-blooded," so his states exceeded their quotas in the Civil War. The Japanese are "sly" and "cunning," the Italians passionate and uncontrolled—like Mussolini. Men and brethren, generalization reaches the proportions of a sin. Distinctions are the proof of charity of the mind.

WEEK BY WEEK

A FRESH reminder of the perils which the United States or any other nation must face, when brought into close relations with Soviet Russia, is furnished by the recent action of the Labor government in England, acting through Foreign Minister Henderson, who was obliged to warn the Soviet ambassador that a drastic change in relations between Great Britain and Russia might be brought about by what Mr. Henderson declared to be the violation of the pledge given by Russia to abstain from Communistic propaganda within the British Empire. Not only in Great Britain itself, but throughout the far-flung possessions and protectorates of Great Britain, in so many of which fires of discontent are smoldering or blazing, deliberate Communistic propaganda is being employed to spread these fires and create a general conflagration.

Russia's Menace

THE SOVIET ambassador's reply to the protest has a familiar ring. He solemnly asserted that the Soviet government had strictly observed its pledge and would continue to do so—but that "it could not control the activities of the Third International." Which is very much as if a man accused of beating another man should say that he had promised not to do so, and was faithfully observing his promise so far as his right hand was concerned, but that his left hand was really not under his control, and he could not be held responsible for its actions. Yet if any fact concerning Russia has been well established, it is that the Third International is in all respects its own agency, and the chief instrument of Soviet world policy. It is maintained and manipulated for the express purpose of promoting world revolution. For any government to deal with Russia on the same terms as prevail with ordinary governments, without taking into account the unique difference which distinguishes the Soviet régime from all others, namely, its avowed intention and practice of fomenting and promoting world revolution, is to run a risk which no amount of temporary trade advantages can offset.

THE EFFECTS which are bound to result in China from President Chiang Kai-Shek's conversion to Christianity are almost certain to be favorable. He is undoubtedly the foremost leader in China—young, active, fearless and of proven military skill. He seems the only one now on the horizon capable of stabilizing the government. As a sincere Christian he should be a strong force for good. It is to be hoped that Chiang's leadership will in particular change the situation of religious education. At the present time an effort is being made by the Chinese government to put into effect educational laws which are similar to those of Soviet Russia. In some places, even where

President Chiang's Conversion

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supported by foreigners, the schools must have a lay executive and religion is not permitted to be taught in the educational course, nor even in the same building. This of course is directly contrary to the Catholic ideal which clearly states that religion is not a part of life to be crowded off into spare moments and special compartments disassociated from the rest of life, but is essential to a true understanding of every phase of our humanity and our purpose in life. We would be insincere if we did not say that we believe it would have been better had President Chiang gone the whole way and embraced the only complete Christianity—the Catholic faith. However, we must not forget that the early Goths and other pagans came to Christianity through the Arian heresy. And with Newman we feel that some Christianity is far better than none.

Old-Age Security

FOR SOME time to come, political wiseacres will be deeply engaged in analyzing and trying to determine the ups and downs of many issues involved in the election; but it seems certain that one in particular, which did not receive noisy attention but was quietly and effectively promoted, has made substantial gains. Written into the platform of both the Republican and Democratic parties of many states, and supported by an unprecedented number of candidates for high political office, old-age security measures are now in good prospect of being widely adopted. Many successful candidates for federal, state and local offices throughout the nation stand pledged to support old-age pension bills to be introduced in legislatures which will be in session in most of the states in 1931.

ACCORDING to a statement made in the *Old Age Security Herald,* the organ of the movement: "The Democratic parties of New Jersey, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Delaware, Nebraska and Idaho are dedicated to pension legislation no less than the Republican parties of Michigan, Maryland and Texas, while the Republican gubernatorial candidates in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York are vying with their Democratic opponents in praise of legislation in behalf of the destitute aged. Individual candidates for public office either follow their party's platform in declaring for pensions or, taking an independent stand, promise to introduce legislative proposals in their legislatures." The movement for old-age security aroused the conscience of America. The plight of the thousands of aged men and women fated to penury and privation at last engaged the sympathy of the nation. "The present widespread campaign augurs well for constructive action in 1931," says the official organ of this worthiest of causes. But it adds a warning—one that, as all political experience shows, is very necessary. "Friends of this legislation should organize at once to see that the political pledges made before election are fulfilled when the legislatures convene."

Catholic Action

IN A LENGTHY review of the "Legs" Diamond case by the *Manchester Guardian,* which has received considerable attention in the American press, the leading organ of English liberalism strikes one note that is not often heard in the secular press. After setting forth its belief that the inability of the police to control the gangsters is mainly due to the lack of a clear sense of right and wrong on the part of the public, of whom the police, after all, are only the instruments, the *Manchester Guardian* says: "Nor is this state of affairs peculiar to America. There is a tendency everywhere to tolerate violence, and this inevitably leads to some form of tyranny. Civilization is based on the annihilation of violence. It sets up certain ideals which transcend violence, and out of these arise law and government. Their final sanction is religion or belief, and without such sanction the machinery whereby they work is as useless as a motor car without petrol. We are inclined to forget this—to imagine that so long as we have wealth and law courts and colleges and libraries, we are civilized. Chicago has probably more of such symbols than any other city in the world, but its gangsters multiply nevertheless." And it thus sums up its remarkable article: "We have got to realize some ideal socially or we are just savages decked out in the fine things of our own invention. The economic problem is properly the least of all our problems. Our essential difficulty is that the principles on which our elaborate social organization was built up have collapsed. They were faulty. They need renewing. Even then they will not be right. But they will be righter." Such words might have come straight out of a program of Catholic social action, yet they are uttered by a voice of the world, calling out for guidance. They are among many signs of the times which prove how great a need there is for Catholic Action to increase the momentum of its work.

Hard Cases and the Law

WE ARE glad to note, as we go to press, that Mayor Walker has ordered an inquiry into the thirty-day workhouse sentences imposed upon a group of men for sleeping one night in a downtown ferry terminal. It is true that these men, jobless and homeless, technically fell foul of the city's vagrancy laws; true, too, that nineteen of the total twenty-three were a part of that influx of the destitute from other cities which New York very reasonably fears as likely to complicate its already overwhelming problem. But though it is hard to see how the harassed sentencing magistrate, with the law before him and no charity fund at his disposal, could have used what is called "discretion" in the matter to any constructive purpose, the sentence was in fact inhumane, and bound to cause far more trouble than it disposed of. The ensuing inevitable protest involves activity on the part of the mayor, Chief Magistrate Corrigan, Magistrate Murphy who promises to review the case, and repre-

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sentatives from the Charity Organization Society and the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor. These last have volunteered to care for the "vagrants" and try to place them, if a suspended sentence can be secured. We heartily hope that it can. Even the irreligious feel that there is an intolerable legalistic Bourbonism in punishing a man because he is poor; and we are Christians. But meanwhile, how are we to deal with these hard cases if they follow all present signs, and continue to increase?

THE DEVELOPMENT of the United States already rests a heavy hand on the destinies of Europe, and their future attitude will be of decisive importance. Historians and philosophers seek to divine the lines of their immense destiny from their brief past." In these words Bernard Faÿ, in *Le Correspondant*, comments on two new books of American history to appear in France. The import of the comment recalls again what the average American in the midst of his own preoccupations and troubles is apt to forget, that his and his fellow-Americans' destinies are looked to by the rest of the world as the key to the future. Europe exhausted itself in the last war, and in spite of the bellicose threats of demagogues, is pretty well convinced of the futility of that sort of warfare. It is dollar imperialism, the economic war, that frightens the Europeans. Bergson speaks of economics as the invisible war. Entrenched behind our tariffs, we bombard other countries with our manufactures of automobiles, phonographs, harvesting machines, moving pictures and safety razors. Over fifteen billion American dollars are invested in foreign governments and corporations. No wonder that we loom portentously on their horizons. It is for us to prove that our favored position and imperial power will be productive of high-minded achievements. At present, we hear too much talk of the strategies of the economic warfare, and too little of any higher purposes. Unless our economic generals, and their abettors—our political consuls and proconsuls—give proportionate thought to, and definite assurances of their humanitarian aims, Europeans, Orientals, Canadians and South Americans all may indeed look with apprehension to our destinies.

Invisible Good or Ill

A SCRIPTURE scholar, Dr. Adolf Deissmann, is the new rector of the University of Berlin. In his inaugural address the theme of the relationship between the Gospels and modern culture could, therefore, be developed with authority and significance. Those familiar with the trends of modern criticism might well seek out a copy, so pertinent are Dr. Deissmann's remarks regarding the view which modern scholars take of the New Testament. While not everything he said would be endorsed by a Catholic, the new rector not merely upheld the essential authenticity of the Gospels and the Pauline epistles but declared that the world owes the existing New Testament to the canon-forming Church. He concluded his address with an appropriate reference to the difficulties now confronting Christianity. "The chief threat," he declared, "comes not from the organized attack upon freedom of belief in Russia, but from the fact that we ourselves, in so far as we are Christian peoples, have not earnestly tried to do what the New Testament demands of us—that we are not the salt of the earth and the light of the world, as we should be. The one drop of oil which the motor of public life requires if the marvelous achievement of technical civilization is not to collapse soon into a heap of burned-out ruins is the spirit of the New Testament. Those heroic forces of the will to moral goodness and sacrificial service which the Gospel releases for our community existence must be conserved and developed." In its own way, this address, too, is a sign of the times.

Modernity and the Gospels

RED CROSS Sunday, November 9, is a designation of a holy day to a non-sectarian enterprise that we can heartily endorse. True that the Red Cross is enlisted for the service of what Saint Francis called "brother ass, the body," it is also true that he counseled that it was shameful to chastize "brother ass" too sorely. And it is for the sorely tried brothers that the Red Cross ministers. It is of course unnecessary to recall Our Lord's admonitions as to the care of the sick and needy. It is one of the glories of the Church that Catholics have always been most mindful of this. The Red Cross is also too well known in its splendid acts to need any panegyric that we could add at this time when it is observing its annual roll-call. Perhaps we can best give a reminder of its purposes by simply quoting from the charter obligations it assumes: "To furnish aid to sick and wounded soldiers in time of war . . . To maintain and apply systems of relief for mitigation of suffering caused by pestilence, famine, fire, floods and other national calamities." It is a splendid agency at the present time for averting the national calamity of probable famine and lack of shelter during this coming winter for our unemployed.

The Red Cross

AN ANNOUNCEMENT from the Oxford University Press has especial interest to Catholics, as well as to all lovers of English literature. This is that the press will issue some time in the month of November the "Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins," edited by his friend, the late English poet laureate, Robert Bridges. The text of the present volume was with the printers, when the death of the poet laureate occurred. The first edition of the poems (1918) went out of print as the widespread interest in Hopkins as a poet developed, and is now a collectors' item. The new edition will contain seventeen

A Catholic Poet

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poems not previously included, and an "Introduction" by Mr. Charles Williams, author of "Poetry at Present." The recent "Life of Gerard Manley Hopkins," by Father Lahey, S.J., which was also published by the Oxford University Press, stimulated the growing interest in Hopkins.

A CONVERT, a Jesuit, and a friend of Newman, he had in his life the richness of spiritual experience which is the inspiration for truly Catholic poetry as distinguished from the pretty but ultimately meaningless imagery of pagan verse. "Considered opinion," says the Oxford Press, "ranks him among the greatest of the Victorians. In his prosody, he was more modern than most of the moderns." Once again a child of the Church has given evidence that she is not a trammeling influence, no creed of outworn orthodoxies that opiates the mind and faculties. Hopkins has borne testimony to the contrary. He has shown that she is a creative force which in every age, beside the disembodied and mystical emanations of the sacramental practices of her faithful, has shown new beauties to the world. The modernity, yet timeless artistry, of Hopkins's poems, like the soaring quality of the lyrics and odes of Francis Thompson, are the freshness that bedews work which, while not altogether escaping the bonds of our humanity, hints at our immortality.

THE STUDENTS of Seton Hill College have a Catholic Evidence Guild, which has undertaken work that is fundamental to Catholic social action, and which some day must be done in a thorough and comprehensive fashion. Under the direction of Dr. Summerfield Baldwin, and with the coöperation of the history department of the college, the members of the guild have undertaken an intensive study of the first eight volumes of the "Cambridge Modern History," with a view to correcting any errors or overstatements regarding the Catholic position. The results of the inquiry will take the form of papers to be read at guild meetings, and published, at least in part, in the *Setonian,* the excellent journal of the college. No doubt these zealous and ambitious undergraduates look rather to stimulating more expert activities along this line than to the achieving of results that will be of general service outside their own ranks. But evidently they look forward to the day when there will be available to the public Catholic corrigenda volumes for the most of the great works of reference which crowd the shelves of public libraries, treated almost as gospel by Catholic and non-Catholic alike, yet which frequently stand in grave need of emendation. Catholicism has suffered gravely from defective historical treatment. The Seton Hill students again call attention to that serious problem. They themselves are bound to reap a reward for this ambitious zeal in the benefit which they will gain from the carrying out of their praiseworthy project.

Students Take Lead

UNITARIAN congregations are ordinarily so conspicuous for the high, if at times somewhat rarified, atmosphere of intellectualism in which they dwell, that a recent despatch from the very Rome, or Mecca, of Unitarianism, Boston itself, concerning the appearance of no less an authority on the ethics of drama and society than Mr. Earl Carroll as a Sunday speaker in the Channing Unitarian Church, comes as a disagreeable shock. Vulgarity, at least, has never hitherto been associated with the dignified and almost ultra-refined Unitarians of Boston. Mr. Carroll, very naturally, "hotly denounced" stage censorship, from which he personally has suffered some slight inconveniences, involving an enforced residence in Atlanta; and with equal zest he defended the elimination of stockings by musical comedy chorus girls. Mr. Carroll's jazz sermon is certainly "news," as the New York *Times* special dispatch recognized—provided, of course, we agree with the rulers of the daily press that even the patently silly and absurd antics and stunts performed in certain churches today become news just because they are so silly and absurd. But it doesn't really matter whether we agree or not; such stunts will go on and they will be published. What, we wonder, would the late Dr. Channing have thought of this particular Sunday performance in a church bearing his name? "Vanity of Vanities," we begin, but give it up. We must leave the answer to our Unitarian friends. It is a mystery too profound for us to attempt to solve.

Vanity of Vanities

THOSE who at one time or another have enjoyed the quiet, poplar-lined roads of France, bicycling down them or walking, with one's total baggage consisting of the hat on one's head and a *musette* over one's shoulder, and one's destination anywhere, anywhere over the top of the next hill, perhaps to the next nice *auberge,* with its little green tables al fresco, and its bock, or some *vin du pays, vin rosé*—hohum, how we do run on!—those people we have above indicated will be saddended by statistics occasioned by the latest automobile show in Paris. These figures are that between 1920 and 1930 the production of motor cars in France jumped from 40,000 a year to 260,000. Even more disconcerting is the fact that last year in France there were some 300,000 autos in use and nearly 400,000 motorcycles. If an automobile whizzing by us is a distraction to our ambulating peace of mind, or pedaling pleasure, a motorcycle is a downright terror. All this is, we suppose, a selfish attitude and in restraint of trade, yet, no matter how ingeniously the makers of the machines compose subtle curves and color harmonies, we cannot like them as much as a vista of a countryside—fields and small hamlets and trees dozing in the sunlight. We hope some wealthy man will at least preserve reservations of these fast vanishing scenes where those of us with an incurable nostalgia for them may sometimes go.

Nostalgia

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CATHOLIC HISTORY

"IMPORTANT as are the contributions of individual members of the Church to the life of the United States, it is well worthy of note how small the part is that the Roman Catholic Church has taken in the formation of general culture." Such is the judgment passed by Dr. Thomas Cuming Hall, professor of English and American history and culture at the University of Goettingen, in a recent volume dealing with the religious background of American culture (a work of great importance, which we shall review later on). "The institutions of America are Protestant in origin and genius," asserts the Reverend Burris Jenkins, in his book, "The World's Debt to Protestantism." Dr. Hall is a highly distinguished scholar and historian. The Reverend Burris Jenkins is a widely-known popular religious journalist and preacher. In general, both these gentlemen write about the Catholic Church in the United States with fairness and courtesy. We are quoting their comments in no controversial spirit, but simply to sharpen the point of a general statement which we believe to be true, namely, that what both writers assert represents the common opinion concerning the part played by the Catholic Church in the United States.

It is an opinion which in itself need not be and often indeed is not related to hostility toward the Church. Scholars and historians, really eminent in their own fields, hold and maintain it. As for the generality of Protestant Americans, according to the Reverend Burris Jenkins they for the most part "regard Catholics as they would pagans. The word causes more hostility in their minds than Pathan, Parsee, Buddhist, Mohammedan." The Reverend Mr. Jenkins does not share this particular opinion, however firmly he holds the one quoted above. In fact, he scolds his own people for holding the view he attributes to them. He believes that is due in the main to that with which we are concerned in these remarks, namely, historical ignorance. And perhaps the same factor influences even such scholars as Dr. Hall.

For can it possibly be true that the part played by the Catholic Church in the cultural life of the United States can be as small as Dr. Hall supposes? Can it be true, as the Reverend Burris Jenkins asserts, that the institutions of the United States are wholly Protestant in origin and genius? Have the works and deeds of the Catholic pioneers before and since the creation of the United States been so completely void of influence upon the institutions and civilization of the nation of today that it can be dismissed as negligible?

Catholics may instinctively resent such opinions, and somewhat violently assert quite contrary views. But the question remains as to whether their contrary views can be justified. Possibly, also, a far greater number of American Catholics accept the views held of their cultural importance that are indicated in the statements quoted above, because of the fact that their own minds have been saturated with the history, the literature, the cultural ethos, which has grown up in the society of which they are a part, without receiving adequate correction from really effective Catholic literature, particularly Catholic historical literature. For undoubtedly it is true that the present position and the future conditions of Catholicism in American society depend more upon historical influences than any other factor. Those who have taken the trouble to analyze the true causes not only for the opposition against Catholicism in the United States, but also for the lack of knowledge and appreciation of the cultural contribution of the Faith, are well aware that false or perverted or overwhelmingly one-sided history explains the situation. From the time of the Reformation onward for several centuries, objective scientific history scarcely existed in those departments of history and literature which dealt with religion. History was almost synonymous with political or nationalistic propaganda. It is only within quite recent years that, as Dr. Peter Guilday has pointed out, "modern historiography, with its more penetrating and more objective criticism of church history brought about a series of vindications of the Catholic past of the world."

It should be quite obvious, then, that there is no work of more fundamental and also immediately practical importance to the Catholic Church in the United States, or indeed to the welfare of the nation itself, than historical research followed by the capable literary presentation of the results of historical research. And it is a particularly timely occasion to refer to this matter now in view of the fact that the American Catholic Historical Association, in preparation for its eleventh annual meeting at Boston and Cambridge, Massachusetts, in December, is engaged in a nation-wide campaign to increase its membership.

If anything like a correct estimate of the value of the work of the American Catholic Historical Association could be gained by Catholics generally, not only would its membership grow, but ample funds would promptly be put at its disposal to enlarge and make permanent the admirable plans formed by it for future activities. The circumstance that the first assembly of the second decade of the association will meet with the American Historical Association and other learned groups, will bring before a large audience of scholars the truly national value of its work. Of late years this national value has been increasingly studied. Upon that study depends the true answer to the questions raised by the statements of Dr. Hall and the Reverend Burris Jenkins. Fortunately, the work being done in such learned centers as Harvard University, Duke University in North Carolina, and the University of California, in the field of Spanish-American history, has brought a welcome enlargement of at least one tract of the hitherto neglected domain of Catholic influences on this continent.

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THE WAR OF WEALTH

By A. LUGAN

The author of this article has for many years been engaged on a monumental work under the general head of "The Social Teachings of Jesus." The seventh volume of the series, "The Gospel and the Goods of This World," was published in Paris last spring. The first two volumes of the series were published in English in 1928 by the Macmillan Company, with an introduction by Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University. It was thought that at this time the Abbé Lugan would have something valuable to say on the generally disturbed conditions of economics throughout the world—The Editors.

THERE is today in the five or six great nations of the world a concentration of wealth, such as never before seen, in the hands of a few who seek united action and triumph in the economic struggle. The phenomenon is above all noticeable in America and England, but is clearly apparent also in France, Belgium, Italy and Germany. In the United States, in 1929, there were 789 banks absorbed by others. In the last seven years the number of banks has been reduced by 20 percent. At present 272 banking companies together control $13,000,000,000. In the same country 15 percent of the retail trade belongs to banking interests. A grocery company in 1929 did more than a billion dollars' worth of business.

The ex-ambassador to Berlin, Mr. Gerard, in a recent interview in the New York *Times* declared that America was under the control of fifty-nine financiers and manufacturers. It is also true that these new "governors" of the people associate themselves with other "governors" beyond the frontiers of their country, but this is not for the benefit of the foreigner, and still less the human race; it is for their own profit and that of their nation. Mr. Morgan is a typical example. Mr. McFadden, president of the Committee on Banking and Money at Washington, spoke in these terms before the House of Representatives on July 3, 1930:

> The war has put our financial and industrial leaders in touch with the principal financial and industrial leaders of the rest of the world. One of the consequences of this contact has been the acceptance by our magnates of the control of great affairs everywhere. A typical case is that of the Morgan group. It actually controls international exchange, borrowings and commerce. This world-wide association of financial agencies under a central surveillance, marks a new epoch in the history of world finance. It is the cause of the greatest danger which has menaced free governments for centuries, as it aspires to govern not only finance, but also the politics and enterprise of nations.

Another prop of the economic monster has been the tariffs. They prevent the dumping of the machine-made products of one country into another, thereby reducing prices. In this the American monster has been the most audacious because the strongest, but it would be unjust to pretend that it is unique. It has its emulators in every nation. England, menaced by the barbed-wire barriers more than other nations, speaks of raising a Chinese wall around its empire in order to sell without hindrance its cotton goods, clothing, machines and coal. But as the thronging bazaars of its colonies refuse to confine themselves to the stores of the mother country, she is evidently in an impasse. Is not the proposed United States of Europe little else than a tariff defense against the United States of America? If its realization is long and arduous, will it not be because each one of the economic entities which would be integrated, prefers to remain isolated in the hopes of one day enslaving the others?

Machinery, trusts and tariffs have brought unemployment upon our planet. Millions of human beings cannot find work to provide food for themselves and their families. What a favorable atmosphere in which to ferment class hatreds, hatreds between nations, and the spirit of vengeance! France is the least affected. She had more workers killed, she has fewer machines, she is less Taylorized, work is done less in spurts, and thrift is a native virtue. But her hour seems to be approaching.

Those responsible for the destinies of the people should not forget that science has completely changed their conditions. The machine has not only increased the power of production, it has abolished distances between them and multiplied their interaction. Steam, telegraphy, trans-Atlantic liners, the railway express, the radio, the airplane and newspapers mingle more and more the destinies of men. It is important to estimate whether this progress will be to the profit of a few corporative or national units, or to that of the race.

Either the nations will seek to organize themselves and equalize poverty and abundance in their midst, or the weak, the economically unequipped, will disappear or become the slaves not of some satrap but of some anonymous bank. The destinies of the peoples remaining masters of the battle-field, will be governed neither by kings nor emperors nor even oligarchies of intellectual bourgeois or workers, but by industrial syndicates and financiers—masters of national and international wealth, and also of the organs of opinion. Mark it well! You will observe that this state of things is approaching realization in the United States, in England, in France and in Germany. In the United States fifty-seven groups of newspaper-owners impose their views. To whom do the great journals of thought and of information in Paris belong? Does

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even one live by its readers and subscribers? The press which crystallizes thought is controlled by finance and advertising. I find in an editorial in a Catholic paper of Providence, Rhode Island, these observations:

> There has been a great deal of talk in the last few years of the changes in the daily newspapers. It has been remarked that in general they are not preoccupied as they used to be with news gathering. They leave this work more and more to agencies, rather than depend on their own individual initiative. It has been observed also that the spirit of proselytizing which formerly characterized all lively newspapers has almost completely disappeared. There is a marked tendency toward commercialization, and advertising is now a more important factor than circulation. It can be said without question that the amount of advertising obtained by a newspaper depends on its circulation. It is no less true that in other days an editor went ahead with his newspaper, without worrying about the effect his method would have on his advertisers. Today whoever would follow this path would soon be in conflict with his advertising agent and probably would ruin his business. In the good old times the editor was "supreme boss" of a newspaper. Today he is simply an employee of the advertising manager. The latter governs the policies of his medium in a manner that will bring in the greatest profits rather than in a manner which will do the greatest good.

I admit that I believe the influence of the financier, or of the advertising agent, is greater on the Latin and German newspaper than on the Anglo-Saxon. Among Anglo-Saxons, I believe the capitalist is more of an idealist. He is capable of spending large sums and even of losing money, to defend a humanitarian cause. The other, the Latin or German banker, is essentially conservative. He is Coty and he supports Bure or Maurras; or he is Krupp and he supports Hitler.

Here are my conclusions. Unemployment is not an accident or a passing phenomenon. As it disappears here it will be more intense there. Economic understandings uniting the entire world are urgent, unless science and the machine shall serve only to starve one part of humanity and put it at the mercy of the other. The first step toward this will be to control money. The united peoples will submit its use, its profits and its circulation to a rule restraining individuals and pointing out where they are traitors to civilization. Local or national laws will always be objects of suspicion to the neighbors. The law emanating from the League of Nations will liberate men, while unrestrained liberty will more and more enslave them.

The more one examines carefully and seriously the economic and social questions, the more one finds that they have a decisive and stable solution only in a world-wide entente. At the International Congress of Agricultural Economists at Cornell University, Mr. A. W. Ashby, president of the Society of Agricultural Economists of Great Britain, said:

> The efforts to solve the agricultural problems individually by each nation in raising a wall of high tariffs, the most recent manifestation of which is the new American tariff, resolves itself into an application of nineteenth-century methods to twentieth-century problems. It will fail. In this matter the United States heads the list of the guilty.

Partial continental understandings will be realized first, but sooner or later these will give rise to egoistic exploitations by one part of the human race of the other, or one war-making alliance against another war-making alliance.

Here appears the extraordinary and beneficent rôle reserved to the Church. Serving spiritual interests, above the melée of the struggle of races, of banks, of industries, she proclaims the right to live all peoples, and the consequent obligation of mutual economic aid, of the equable distribution of riches, of the tearing down of all tariff barriers which are formidable obstacles to the interchange of the means of living.

To the Catholic Church above all is reserved the rôle of peace-maker in these economic conflicts. Her children—laymen, priests and religious—are spread throughout the world. With the Gospels of Christ as their guide, they only have to repeat that humanity is an association of families, that it is forbidden for one of them to starve the other, and that all means should be taken to avoid this. They have also a chart which a great Pope has given them which shows the way to follow to realize the Gospel and its peace, in the labors by which men everywhere endeavor to obtain their daily bread, their clothes and well-being. To admire this immortal document, to praise it without end is not sufficient. They should put it into practice, enumerate all its consequences, proclaim it, and apply it, not only in the letter but in the spirit, to the new conditions born of the great war and the unprecedented development of mechanism, to the recent manifestations of the old economic egoism of individuals and of peoples hording money and wealth by trickery and audacity, in the construction of those tariff walls the sole object of which is to enrich some by ruining others. I can promise them the earnest attention and sympathy of humanity, of those who think and those who work.

A Wayside Virgin

She is so young and yet so very old.
Long since they set her in this carven shrine
Above the pine-fringed road to Cemberline;
And many maids to her have secrets told,
And many wistful lovers have made bold
To ask her prayers, and worried mothers knelt
To beg her aid, and souls repentant felt
The comfort of her peace around them fold

Her crown of gold and robe of tarnished blue
Have weathered sky and storm for centuries.
Winds waft her incense bloom from rose and rue,
Bees murmur in her ear lost litanies,
And children in her crown pine-needles seek,
And lay warm faces 'gainst her wooden cheek!

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

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Places and Persons

THE BRIDGE AND SOME RIVER GHOSTS

By JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

ON ONE side of the long, international bridge, the Canadian side, is the Gothic tower of a college church. It is by no means an outstanding example of the pointed spire (though it is a very fair one), but, in some way or other, it dominates all that surrounds it, even the massive ironwork of the span itself. Particularly is this true at night, when the bridge is white with the light and the Gothic is silhouetted against a moon and starlit sky. This domination, it seems to me, is very fitting. It is as if this church with its spire—a symbol of what might have been—has been placed just where it is to draw to it the attention of a passing world. It was, if I mistake not, the delightfully erratic Mr. Blue who said that though he did not care for the Gothic it always gave him courage. "Sunsets may flare," he had declared, " and the blackness of Hades eclipse the earth but that [the Gothic] will endure. . . . Where that stands there will always be something, though no stone is left upon a stone." And Mr. Blue was quite right.

On the other side, the American side, are other and very different symbols. Directly opposite the church and its college are two fat-bellied gas tanks and a noisy and somewhat complicated railroad yard. They, too, are in the right place, exemplifying as they do two very definite characteristics of the efficiency which is loosely and generally associated with what we are pleased to call our industrial civilization. But it is not altogether fair to call attention to them, and them alone; for just beyond the tracks is a large city, very modern and, in many places, very beautiful. It is, also, a product of the much maligned industrialism.

But it is not with symbols—mediaeval and modern —that we are here concerned. Rather our interest is held by the bridge, skilfully contrived in a network of iron lace, with the view that can be had from it—particularly at night—and by the river, with its legends —ghostly and ancient—which flows beneath it.

This bridge, I am told, is one of the world's great engineering feats. Men skilled in the use of adjectives, mostly superlative ones, insist that its free span is the longest in the world, and that its center is seventeen feet higher than the highest point on the bridges which cross the East River at New York, a matter of 170 feet. I have been told, too, the exact number of tons of steel that are in it, and the exact number of miles of twisted cable which hold it suspended between the two shores, but I have a poor head for such things and I have forgotten the figures. It is either a mile and a quarter or two miles and a half across—depending, no doubt, upon whether one walks or rides from one side to the other. And I am sure that it is all very wonderful. What Leonardo da Vinci, himself a bridge builder, might think of it is another matter. But I am sure that he would have no fault to find with its long clean lines. For in its way, and after the modernistic manner it is coldly efficient and has that beauty which is in clear-cut and sharply defined architecture. And since it does very well that which it was intended to do, it is, I suppose, fundamentally the essence of what is good in art.

Nor could the Florentine find much fault with the city, at night, standing, as I did, on the high center span, looking northward. Of this I am certain. For it is at night when all American cities are at their best and, because of the vantage point afforded by the bridge and because of the kindliness of deep shadows, this is especially true of this city which glories in its manufactured output. It is then that its skyscrapers, reaching ever upward with their own peculiar gesture, are blessed by the contrast made when lighted windows shine in darkness. On top of one of them, and plainly seen from the bridge, is a great red globe, which flashes, now on, now off, making signals to those brave men who fly by night, carrying mail in monster planes.

Across the way from the red beacon is another very tall building and mounted on its roof is a battery of revolving searchlights which probe the sky, and further uptown is another which has the appearance of something out of fairyland. It is lighted from the outside with different colored globes, and it is partly red and partly yellow, and sometimes blue and looks for all the world like a mammoth confection out of some giant's candy shop. Still further up to the north is another tower—the golden one. It was built by the brothers who became very rich almost over night and whose life is, also, out of fairyland. They are noted for many achievements, these brothers, not the least of which is this great monument, erected to themselves; but I like to think that their great hearted charity, for which they are also noted, will outlast and outlive all that they have done.

The river is beautiful at any time. In the daylight it can be dwelt upon as it stretches for miles on each side of the bridge—deep blue, if the waters be calm, or sea-green capped with the white froth of tumbling waves, if the weather be rough. It is then that bits of flotage indicate the swift current that is in it, flowing to the southward, intent upon its business, which after many days and miles of lake travel will result in the majesty of falling waters at Niagara. But like the bridge and the city, it is at night that the heart of a riverman goes out to it.

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At night there is beauty and pathos in the mournful howl of the deep-throated sirens which great ships use to call to one another; and at night the ghostly habitants of river and countryside are all about one. If it be past midnight and coming on to morning and you are listening intently enough you may be able, for instance, to hear the phantom priest at his daily Mass in the forest. Only the forest is no longer there and the bell you hear ringing is on an engine in the railroad yard. The phantom priest, you must know, was Frère Constantin Del Halle, Italian noble and Recollect Father, who came to our settlement with Cadillac. He was murdered by a Pottawatomie chief and his body hid in the woods. But soon stories began to be told of a Mass, it must have been a high Mass, that was sung every morning on the bank of the river, "when faint sounds of a bell might be heard, and different parts of the Mass distinctly made out, and a voice, as mournfully sweet as if it had its source in unshed tears, would float on the air, chanting Latin."

There are many of these ghosts and spirits, and legends concerning them hover over the river and have come down by word of mouth since the day of the voyageur and Indian. In 1883, Marie Caroline Watson Hamlin gathered many of them together and published them in a book, which was printed by Thorndike Nourse, Detroit, and ran through at least one edition, for I have the second in front of me as I write this. In it are tales of Nain Rouge, a sort of French and Indian banshee, the pet demon of the river and city, who went about forecasting disaster; of Le Loup Garou, a monster with a wolf head and an enormous tail who walked about on his hind legs; of the Devil's Grist, grinding out trouble, and the Bones of the Prophet, consulted on one memorable occasion by none other than Pontiac himself.

God-fearing Celt that I am, I could very easily believe them all, particularly the weird tales of Nain Rouge, who among all the spirits is no longer to be seen. For on the night that Hull surrendered the city to the British he made his last appearance, after which he is said to have gone over to the enemy, bag and baggage, to trouble us no more.

And, if I were a poet, I would feel obliged to believe the story of the daughter of the "Sleeping Bear," of Sand Mountains, "a seductive beauty of matchless perfection with long yellow tresses," who was carried away and married by the South Wind, who loved "to murmur caressingly his soft and balmy sighs through the golden meshes of her flowing hair." It was this wedding which gave birth to that frail and short-lived child, Indian Summer.

History, too, has had its say about the river for it was up its broad surface in the glorious spring of 1670 that François Dollier de Casson came, with his seven birch-bark canoes, each manned by three men. With him was Abbé Brehant de Gallinée, " a student whose knowledge of surveying and geography made him a valuable acquisition to the explorers of the new country." As he charted his course among the many islands that dot the river, the good abbé did not know that these islands were portions of the land of the Prophet, who was keeper of the gates of the lakes and who lived at the mouth of Lake Huron. Once upon a time a great storm swept away his lodge and his lands and floating down they formed the islands of the river. Indeed, to this day the old Prophet's bones lie buried beneath the Ile au Pêche, wrongfully called Peach Island, but how they got there I am sure I do not know.

Down this river on July 24, 1701, a most important date in our history, came Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, gentleman of Toulouse. With him, besides his fifty voyageurs, his fifty soldiers, his lieutenants and his interpreters, were two priests. One was Father Del Halle soon to become the phantom priest. The other was Father Vaillant, a Jesuit. Mrs. Hamlin, in her book, "Legends of Le Detroit," says that La Mothe Cadillac did not like the Jesuits "as they were powerful and opposed to the sale of brandy to the natives." There was rum-running even then, it would seem. But Father Vaillant was independent of the explorer, his commission coming from the governor, and he could afford to laugh slyly when Cadillac in his anger nicknamed him "Monsieur de Trop."

Well, it has been a long day since the time of Father Vaillant and now there are other folk, not at all like the Jesuit, who are also opposed to the sale of brandy, and other things, to the natives. Looking down from the great height of the bridge I can see small boats prowling about whose business it is to see that nothing stronger than one-half of one percent enters the country. And I wonder, musingly, what the voyageurs would have thought of this new turn in our civilization. Underneath me giant ships, carrying coals to Duluth, nose their way northward. Companion ships, laden with grain and ore, make their way south. It is almost morning and the ghosts have gone and they have taken with them Cadillac, De Casson, and Fathers Gallinée and Vaillant. It is, also, becoming cold.

Two Sisters

She is the newly-risen sun.
You are the moon.
She is the note
From the trumpet's throat.
You are the harper's tune.

She is the battle just begun.
You are the truce.
She is the red
Of the poppy bed.
You are the flower de luce.

She is the web the gods have spun
Of singing gold.
You are the thread,
Of a song unsaid—
A lovely tale untold.

MARY H. DWYER.

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NOVEMBER, MONTH OF HOLY SOULS

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

THERE is a great silence over all the land. The furrows hold in stillness the new seed—brown, bare, and earth-smelling, they keep the secret of the life that has been buried in them. There is darkness too. At night the galaxy has faded from the sky—here and there rarely some greater lamp shines through the mists that veil the zenith, but more often even the moon herself is hidden, fog-wrapped, a mere dim spilling of light into the clouds. By day too the mists hang thick. The earth lies motionless and silent under a veil. Trees and hedges near at hand are hidden away or only loom occassionally through the mists as monstrous, unnatural shapes. There is something terrifying about the familiar barns and haystacks that the mist has blotted into ghostliness. The dimness and the silence bring a sense of fear, as of a land changed. Yet it is only the exhalations of the earth that have given this sinister, mysterious cast to loved, familiar objects. A gleam of sunlight falls upon the mists, and for a moment they part and show us the waiting furrow, and the hedgerows pearled with moisture and bloomed with a soft, spring-like purple that reminds us of March's brave passional livery of redemption. Though despoiled, and bound, the earth is not dead, and in her already a new harvest sleeps.

* * * * *

"For thou, O Lord, changest, but takest not away the life of thy people . . ." They are changed, they have gone from us, the mists of earth hide them from us and give to their loved, familiar personalities a touch of the sinister, of ghostliness. If we would let her, the earth would make them ghosts. But as our prayers strive through the mists that veil not them but us, a gleam of sunlight falls, and for a moment we catch a glimpse of them in their passional livery of redemption, waiting there under the altar, the prisoners of hope. "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."

They are changed. They no longer look into the same mirror as ourselves, the mirror of nature where supernature lies reflected as in a glass darkly. They do not yet see face to face, but theirs is no longer the mirror of the months, where together with divine things strange troubling things of earth are shown, where often Narcissus sees but his own image calling him down into the well of shadows. Their mirror, though a reflector only, is unclouded and cannot deceive. They have escaped out of the deceiver's power, and can no longer be touched by the evil that preys on the world. They have left that evil behind in space and time, by virtue of Him Who assumed space and time that He might bind with them the enemy of eternity.

They are changed. They have entered as it were into a new function as mediators, for they are now a link between us and those unknown worlds whose complexity makes the unity of creation. We cannot limit our conception of life to beings like ourselves. If they live, and we know that they live, they do not live as we do, but manifest themselves in other ways and under other conditions. Spirit and manifestation—the first is always the same, the latter is constantly changing. But spirit shall never be without manifestation—that truth was proclaimed for all time in Joseph of Arimathea's garden, and is preserved for all time in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. We shall not live as the helpless and futile shades of a Greek paradise, but as body and spirit, though that idea of a body need not bind us to the body as we know it now. The body of the springing corn in May is very different from the body of the seed that was cast into the November furrow, but it is as much the corn as ever was the seed—indeed it is more, for in the seed the idea of the corn slept undeveloped, uncertain and incomplete. Nevertheless the body of the springing corn was formed invisibly in the seed, and invisibly in the bodies of our flesh that spiritual body of our glory may be forming itself even now, waiting for the sowing in the ground which shall set it free to grow and lift itself out of the bondage of the earth into the liberty of the sun.

They are changed. They are learning perhaps painfully to develop this new body, from which the husk has fallen away. As yet they have not the new vehicle, though they have lost the old, their spirit fumbles for its manifestation in that mediatory kingdom where they wait. They are prisoners, but they are prisoners of hope, for their new faculties and powers are forming themselves in that unknown land. Once again, as it were, they go through the processes of birth, as at the beginning of their earthly life they went through them in their mother's womb. A new body is forming itself in the shelter of that land we call purgatory, where evil cannot seize upon the growing form as it seized upon that which was cast off. For those who escape the bondage of the earth, the Old Testament fierceness of natural law, the continual harrying and preying of evil seeking to maintain its life parasitically through ours, purgatory even if viewed as a place of retribution and of cleansing must also be a place of refreshing peace.

For there only good wills move in an orderly growth, an evolution which sin has not corrupted and debased. There the mists of earth can no longer hide from us the stars which are the burning of spirits aflame with the love of God, the angelic hierarchies that fill a universe in which our earth and its humanity holds only a small space. The shelter of the furrow is paradoxically the freedom of the sky. The prisoner of hope is the freeman of love.

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POLITICAL MARCH OF THE VETERANS

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

IN THE twelve years that have passed since the guns on the western front were silenced, the veteran of the World War has won a secure foothold in American politics. He wields a power that is steadily increasing. In state legislatures and in Congress, in the executive branch of the government and in the judiciary, the group of ex-service men grows larger year by year. The sun of the veteran has risen in the political firmament, and his hand will be in the business of government for at least another generation, probably much longer.

With fifteen senators and sixty-three representatives who served with the armed forces of the republic in 1917 and 1918, the present Congress has more veterans than any Congress since the war. The number may be expected to grow. Four members of President Hoover's Cabinet answered the call of country thirteen years ago: Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State, was a colonel of field artillery; Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, had a distinguished overseas record as a lieutenant colonel; William D. Mitchell, Attorney-General, a former colonel in the Minnesota National Guard, signed up for service in the officers training camp at Camp Taylor; and Robert Patterson Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, wore the eagle of a colonel as chief of the procurement division in the Ordnance Office, in the War Department. David Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aviation, was one of the most distinguished of the navy's war-time aviators; Trubee Davison, and Frederick H. Payne, the two Assistant Secretaries of War, are both ex-service men. Charles Gates Dawes, former Vice-President and now ambassador to the Court of St. James's, has held the highest office to which a veteran has climbed. Three members of the American delegation to the London conference, Stimson, Dawes and Reed, were veterans.

Some of the best known men in the Senate are World War veterans. On the list we find, among others: David Reed of Pennsylvania; Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, one of our pioneer military aviators; Tydings of Maryland; Goff of West Virginia; Cutting of New Mexico; Connally of Texas; Steiwer of Oregon; Steck and Brookhart of Iowa; Robinson of Indiana; Hayden of Arizona; and Black of Alabama. In the House the veterans hold important places on both sides of the aisle. To give a complete list of the offices held by veterans, under both the national government and the government of the states, would require too much space to be attempted here.

The average age of the World War veteran is about thirty-seven years. Many are much older; others are a bit younger. By and large, however, the survivors of the four and one-half million men who served afloat or ashore during the war have now reached the meridian of life, or are nearing it. Whether in the professions or in business, they have completed the period of apprenticeship. By the early thirties, the political-minded are reaching out toward public office, or are conscious at least that this is the goal which they want to reach. Youth is the age of ambition, and the World War veteran, as he nears thirty-five or forty, may be credited with at least as much ambition as those who never left their desks in the counting-room or office.

Recognition by their fellow-countrymen of the services of the veterans is inevitable. After the Civil War, the Northern states elected to office hundreds of the men who marched, fought and suffered with Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Except Cleveland, every man who sat in the White House from Grant to McKinley was a veteran of the Union armies. So now with the men who served under Woodrow Wilson as commander-in-chief. An honorable discharge in 1918 or 1919 from the army and navy certainly does not debar a man from political preferment; in many instances it has helped him on the way. Politicians have been quick to recognize this, for they know enough about popular psychology to realize that the veteran often has a value to the ticket as a vote-getter.

Aside from the natural recognition which a veteran receives from his fellow-citizens, three other factors help explain his advance in the political world. For one thing, he is well organized. The American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Military Order of the World War, and other groups, give to the veteran a collective voice, just as the American workingman makes himself heard through the Federation of Labor. Though the veterans wear mufti today, and are civilians again, like everyone else, they have had an experience which others did not have, and retain some individual views that set their group a bit apart. Through the great veterans' organizations these views find a forum for their expression, and these organizations provide, too, the machinery by which that program can be translated into terms of national or state laws.

The fact that the veteran was, in a measure, a picked man back in 1917, helps secondly to explain why he has traveled so far on the political highway these twelve years past. Though physical and mental vigor do not always go hand in hand, physical superiority in the long run may be taken to signify a mental ability better than the average. Back of 2,894,000 men called to the colors under the selective service draft stood 965,000 men rejected for some form of physical impairment, roughly one rejection in four. Take again the officer personnel. The 30,000 men who went to the first training camps for officers—whose graduates were the famous ninety-day wonders—were selected, it has been stated, out of over 200,000 applicants.

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Candidates for later officers' training camps were hand-picked in much the same way. Not only were the commissioned officers the pick of their generation, physically and mentally, but they included also thousands of men prominent in industry and the professions who, though above the draft age, dropped everything to enter the military or naval service. Former officers are conspicuous not only among the men who speak for the veterans' organizations, but among those who now hold public office. Every commander of the American Legion, down to Ralph O'Neil, choice of the Boston convention, graduate of the Harvard School, and a former first lieutenant in the Fifth Division, held commissioned rank during part at least of his war service.

To explain still further the advance of the veterans in politics, we must give some credit to the training which the ex-service man gets in his own organizations. Take, for example, the American Legion, with its 11,000 individual posts. Practically every city or town in the country has its post, and many a village as well. The sparks fly as hotly in the monthly or bimonthly meetings of the post as in any party caucus. A clerk, artizan or farmer, who never made a speech in his life, will learn in these meetings how to express what he feels so that his colleagues can understand it. Words may come slowly and with no great eloquence at first, but each year his confidence will grow. He may become post commander or adjutant. If he holds office in the organization, he will have contacts with the mayor and city officials, with the local congressman and other men influential in the politics of that particular part of the state. He will be in demand as Fourth of July or Armistice Day orator. The Chamber of Commerce or Rotary Club will ask for a few remarks from time to time, and then in the state and national conventions a still wider field opens up. The training which the Legion gives to those active in its affairs often proves of great value when a man enters practical politics.

The veterans' organizations long since demonstrated that the power they wield in national affairs is a not inconsiderable one. Most of the soldier relief legislation now on the statute books is there because of the efforts of these organizations. The biggest individual fight the Legion ever conducted was over the so-called bonus or adjusted compensation measure. By skilful organization and a well-prepared backfire barrage from "back home," it was able to secure the enactment of this legislation over the veto of former President Coolidge, and over the warnings of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon that if the bonus bill went through, any hope of tax reduction would be indefinitely postponed. The smoke and dust of the battle have now cleared away, so it is possible today to take a more detached view of the controversy. What the Legion was really fighting for was to have the American people recognize, through Congress, that the man who shouldered the gun had been discriminated against financially, as compared with the man of the same age who stayed at home, drew twelve, fifteen or twenty dollars a day as a bricklayer or munition worker, enjoyed luxuries never his before, and faced no risk in limb or life.

That such inequities existed was plain as pikestaff. Congress again admitted this when it appointed, a few months ago, a commission composed of four Cabinet officers and representatives of labor and industry, to make an exhaustive inquiry with a view to drawing up legislation that in the event of a future war would put a stop to any such inequities as existed in the last war. The commission will tackle its task in December. In winning the fight on the bonus in face of the opposition of the administration and the bulk of the financial and business interests of the country, the veterans' organizations gained a sense of power that invariably comes with victory. Notwithstanding the statements of Treasury officials that the finances of the country could not stand the raid upon the public funds, not only did we end that year with a sizable surplus, but Congress was able about the same time to put through one of the biggest tax-reduction measures in our history.

Powerful as the veterans' organizations proved themselves in the enactment of such legislation as the bonus bill, and the emergency officers' bill, giving such officers the same retirement privileges as regular officers, Congress has yet to see a real veterans' bloc. Except in agreeing, in a broad way, that some sort of relief and hospital legislation is necessary, there is plenty of independence of mind among congressional ex-service men. David I. Reed, for example, one of the most prominent of the veterans in the Senate, opposed the bonus; and in the House, A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, who served four and one-half years overseas, a supporter of the bonus, voted against the emergency officers' bill. Veterans will divide sharply among themselves over a piece of soldier relief legislation. There is so much divergence of opinion among them that if a real veterans' bloc is ever to be formed, its organization still lies in the future.

What are the views the ex-service men hold in common? It has been, and still is, their intention to secure a fair deal for the disabled and the wounded, and to see to it that there are enough hospital facilities provided and of the right kind. The care of the American victims of the war is a paramount consideration with them. Then, too, they insist that the lessons of our unpreparedness in the past be taken to heart, and that, while bending every effort toward international peace, the United States keep its defenses in order by land and sea. The American veteran wants to coöperate with other nations, but he is not ordinarily an internationalist, in the sense that he wishes the United States to surrender any measure of its independence and its sovereignty. He has little sympathy for the pacifists who work to scrap our national defenses. He clings rather tenaciously to the traditional principles of the United States, to the old-fashioned virtues of patriotism. And if at times he appears to be too much alarmed over the menace of Commu-

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nism, the error is not chargeable to a deficiency in loyalty to the constitution.

Great as was the influence which the Grand Army of the Republic exerted on the affairs of the nation a generation or so ago, it was a sectional rather than a national influence. The American Legion, on the other hand, and its companion organizations, have a constituency that is nation-wide. From South Carolina to Maine, from Florida to Oregon, American veterans have enlisted under a common banner. So today the veteran has as one of his characteristics a national point of view. Sectionalism, if it exists, is at a minimum. Conventions of the veterans' organizations are held each year in a different city, and thousands and tens of thousands of members and their families travel to those meetings in a carnival spirit, and in so doing get the broader outlook which travel usually brings.

The broadening process which began when the new soldier rubbed elbows with men from other walks of life and other parts of the country in 1917, goes on today among those active in the veterans' organizations. The broadening is social as well as geographical; for just as squads of draftees might contain a Phi Beta Kappa man alongside a boy from an immigrant family who had been in this country but a few years, so too in the veterans' organizations, class, creed and sectional lines are forgotten. The tie that binds is the memory of a common service in war-time.

The Republican party in days gone by could count with reasonable assurance on the votes of most members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Quite naturally. For the Republican party, really founded in the campaign which brought Lincoln forward to the White House, was the party that fought the war, and the old soldiers turned to it with an instinctive allegiance. No one party holds such a claim on the allegiance of the American veterans of the World War. It was the Democratic party under Wilson that was in power in 1917, when Congress declared war, but the Republicans supported the war measures just as effectively as did the Democrats. So it is that the veterans now in public life may be found in both the major parties. Indeed they are not likely to make the mistake of identifying themselves exclusively with either party, for it is only by playing their part in both that they will be able to wield the full measure of their potential power.

Neither party has yet chosen a veteran as its standard-bearer, though in Charles Gates Dawes the Republicans selected one of the most distinguished veterans as the running mate of Calvin Coolidge. General Pershing's friends at one time launched a quiet boom in his behalf, but Pershing has frowned upon such projects, and the former Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F., now seventy years old, seems content to remain far removed from the battle-field of practical politics. If the history of the United States after the Civil War be any guide, the time is not far off when a World War veteran will sit in the White House. By 1936, both parties may feel it politically expedient to give the veterans a place on the ticket. In another ten years or so, the veterans' representation in both branches of Congress may well climb to one-third, or even higher. For the American veteran of the World War has arrived on the political scene, and in arriving there, has brought a new force into our political life. Hereafter, we must reckon with him.

THE FICTION OF WRITING

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

LET US not dash hopes or deny miracles. It would be unbecoming, as well as impossible, to do so. But what may be observed are very definite and widespread tendencies, open as all generalities are to confusing exceptions. Thus guarded, let us begin.

Anyone who has spent time (I almost said served—) in the publishing business, must at some time or other have been struck, or otherwise punished by a phenomenon which is never ending, and in many ways curious if not pitiful. As one raised in a family where both père et mère were writers (happily my brothers are not, even carrying their reaction beyond the point of being infrequent letter-writers, to the point of being total non-correspondents), as one addicted in spite of all precautions almost since infancy to the shadow-chasing of literary production, as one mixed up in it at both school and college, and further mixed and well shaken in journalism, and one who has for seven years been associated in more or less contemptible, but very intimate, capacities with both book and magazine publishing, I have observed at first hand in all its harrowing detail the curiosity that provokes this assault on the patience of the reader. It has at times assumed the proportions of a universal human fallacy. (Phew!) . . . In short it is the idea that seems to prevail in spite of the evidence against it, that when all else fails, when stocks shrink and crops die, when jobs cease or outgo gains terrifyingly on income, one can always turn to writing, dash off a few short stories or articles, verses, or a novel—and avert not only heroically, but also brilliantly, the foreclosure. Oh forlorn hope! How does it persist?

The steady streams of quite hopeless stories, articles, verses and novels that pour through a publishing office, cry aloud for someone to say, "Stop! Mix sodas, toss hay or tote columns of figures—anything that has the slightest remuneration for ye, Amateur Writers! Don't say that your thoughts were on matters above remuneration, that you write for the sake of Art and Psyche; because if your motives were so ab-

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surdly pure, why should you have submitted your work to the tradesmen! Beware! Take care!"

At one period my desk was adjoining that of the editorial head of one of the country's oldest and largest publishing houses. All day long, day after day, a steady file, one by one, of wild-eyed writers clutching manuscripts straggled by. Almost all had the appearance of refugees from a stricken country. The technique of the editor in handling them was interesting. The office boy, like a butler at a formal reception, would bawl out the name of the next writer (say the writer had been called by his parents and friends for years, Earl Hopping, and had so confided to the office boy; the latter would invariably find room for improvement, and cry, "Mr. Gordon Whoppy!"). The writer, gasping and disconcerted, would be seized genially by the hand by the editor and thrown into the operating chair beside the editorial desk on the receiving end, that is on the side opposite the waste-paper basket. Fixing the writer with a hypnotizing smile, the editor would extract the writer's manuscript and pass it rapidly across the desk; whereupon as if by magic before the marveling writer's eyes it would have disappeared; there would be no more *corpus delicti,* in short no further reason for taking the editor's time. The writer still gasping shreds of what he had rehearsed in the solitude of his hotel room about his ancestry, home, friends, habits, the first time the idea struck him to write, the second and the third, and the necessities he was under, not to speak of relations and the general trend of his reading, would be grasped firmly by the right hand by the editor, pulled to his feet, given a smart twirl on his heels, like the preliminary gesture to being "it" at blind-man's-buff, and with the echo of the editor's personality plus "Thank you, thank you for everything, good-by!" ringing in his ears like the call of a mocking-bird heard in a dream, he would shuffle out on the heels of the other refugees, to return to his room in the hotel, to be calm, and try a little to recover from his shock, and try to remember what had happened to him.

Grimly cheerful, day in and day out, the editor kept to his routine and thus succeeded in shunting weary miles of writers by him. Occasionally he would seize a moment to check a graph renewed thrice a day on his desk, and call a number: "Hello, hello, Jo? Listen, we've got to have that manuscript from you Thursday. Number Six Press will be standing then, and we have got to have something to fill our production schedule. Get that?" Over the wire some well-known writer would echo, "O. K., boss," and the editor slamming down his instrument would turn again to the star-eyed writers from no man's land.

In the early days when my parents were still making efforts to discourage me, I was admitted to the editorial sanctum of one of the country's best-known magazines. The genial editor said, "Come," and led me from his leather-paneled room. "I will show you how my sub-editors work. They take care of all unsolicited manuscripts." He led me into a cell where a bright light hung over a large desk, before which a man crouched with a green eye-shade over his eyes. "See," said the editor pointing to a yard-high pile of manuscripts on the desk, "this is known in the trade as 'slush.' Henry, show the young man how you work." The slave at the desk seized a manuscript from the pile, tore it from its envelope, and with his left hand deposited the envelope in a basket while with his right he was turning the first page of the script, all with the precise movements of a factory hand. He glanced down the first page, a random middle page, and the last page, then with his right hand deposited the script in a large metal receiver, while with his left he was already reaching for the next. "Stop!" said the editor. "Henry, tell the young man what that story you rejected was about." The slave raised tired eyes and recited monotonously, "Triangle stuff, sex complication, with a nut ending."

The editor beamed proudly at this and led me from the cell rumbling, "You see, as we say in the trade, you don't have to eat the whole horse, to tell whether the meat is tough." "Do you ever find anything that way?" I asked. "Once in a while. About one an issue. We publish fifty-two times a year. Conservatively, we average five hundred manuscripts a week—what's the proportion?" "One in five hundred," I replied, proud of a college education. "There are your chances," said he. "One in five hundred, and you can bet that almost without an exception, the ones that do get by have had some experience."

"In a way," I said hopefully, "what you have shown me is eminently fair. It amounts, for the man that has devoted his life to writing as a career, to protection from amateur competition."

"Maybe it does in fiction," said the editor, "but not in article writing. Every scientist, every divine, every professor, every newspaperman in the country is a competitor, for the writer of articles."

"Now consider the remuneration," he said when we were in the padded elegance of his office again. "Even if you should be one in five hundred, one week, you won't repeat often enough at the beginning to make enough to live on. You cannot count on it!"

Staggering back to the book publishing house where we were employed (me and my clothes were we), I went over some of the accounts of new authors. Twelve hundred was a fair average for their books to sell; three thousand was top. At the then current price of books, this figured out to be a royalty of $240 for the average, and $600 for the exceptional. Not many little converted farms with modern plumbing and a view, suitable for a writer, could be bought on those royalties; not many family fortunes saved!

Yet the unending streams of hopeless manuscripts go on. Oh ye of great hope!

Should the fountainheads suddenly dry, the streams disappear—following this round-house at hope—let me not be blamed. My first words were, in good

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faith, that miracles do occur. And their fulminous brilliance of publicity in the publishing world quite obscures the hordes of pitiful casuals, unhonored and unpublished. Every editor knows that the tendency we have noted, like the tides and the rain, cannot be stemmed, much less by one puny, fast withering hand.

Woodbine

The hawthorns now
Are gone from the hedge—
Their scent, their flower:
But a moon-colored spray,
A foam-colored spray,
Are near the thatch,
Where, round the porch
With stem as thick
As beam within,
The woodbine grows.

The ash-tree planted
With the same spade
Is neighbor only:
Geraniums set
In window-sills
Last but as long
As red paint
Or whitewash coat
On door or wall:
Nothing that grows
Is leased to the house
So long, so close
As this hedge-thing.

An old man rising,
Pains in his joints,
Wide-opens the door:
On sudden he feels
The boon that brings him
The meadow-slope
With the young calves,
And his own delight—
The woodbine scent!
He hears but heeds not
The fiddle within—
He is back in mornings
When cuckoos called:
Then this old man
From the porch goes in.

A girl who comes
Feels the fragrance here,
And, ere she raises
The latch that brings her
To join in the dance,
Her hand has lifted:
The moon-colored spray,
The foam-colored spray
Are at her breast,
With the scent of that
Which bides by the house
So long, so close—
The hedgerow thing.

PADRAIC COLUM.

SAINT AUGUSTINE UNEDITED

By IGINO GIORDANI

ON THE occasion of the fifteenth centenary of Saint Augustine, the order which bears his name presented the Holy Father with a big volume which brings into one, complete, critical edition for the first time all the sermons of the African doctor which have been discovered since the famous edition of the Maurini in 1683. It is the happy product of the collaboration of the French Benedictine, Dom Germain Morin, a most competent scholar of Saint Augustine, and the Italian Augustinian, Father Anthony Casamassa who, it may be said, knows the writings of the bishop of Hippo by heart. The result of their study and zeal is a fine tribute of honor to the saint, of glory to the Church, of knowledge to scholars, and of piety to the faithful.

Of the 640 sermons discovered after 1683, Morin vindicated through rigorous criticism the position of 138. But because these were published in various times and places, and since some were discovered only a few months ago, this complete collection unveils to scholars a new view of Saint Augustine, and new elements emerge to illumine his other works, to throw fresh light on the times in which he labored, and to enrich the doctrine which he elaborated.

Famous for their discovery of Augustine's sermons in the past are the ex-Jesuit, Michael Denis, who died in 1800, in charge of the Imperial Library of Vienna; the Benedictine, Octavius Fraja Frangipane (1763-1843), librarian and archivist of Monte Cassino; two French priests, A. B. Caillau (1794-1850) and B. Saint-Yves. In this same period, Cardinal Mai (1782-1854), the most fortunate and erudite discoverer of recent times, noted for having gleaned from palimpsests the "De Republica" of Cicero and other lost works, both classical and Christian, Greek and Latin, published not fewer than 102 new sermons of Saint Augustine. Of these however, Morin, with a criticism which may be a bit sharp, recognizes as authentic only an odd thirty.

In the years 1873-1877 a nucleus of sermons and Augustinian fragments was published in the first three tomes of the Bibliotheca Casinensis by the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. By far the greater bulk of this edition consists of the sermons contributed by Morin, as a result of his forty years of patient and fortunate researches; while the last discoveries were made by Andrew Wilmart, also a French Benedictine.

Several European libraries offered material for these researches, which date up to April, 1930. The sermons come from two manuscripts of Orléans; two of Bamberg; two of Basle; two of Cambridge University Library; twelve of Monte Cassino; one of Dijon; one from the Escuriale; six from the Laurenziana of Florence; two of Wolfenbüttel; four of the British Museum; four from the Ambrosiana of Milan; three of Munich; one of Montpellier; one of Naples; three from the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris; ten from the Vaticana, and one from the Liberiana of Rome; one of Tours; two from the Capitulary Library of Verona; two of Vienna; one of Worchester; and one of Breslau. The manuscript which contained the greatest number of sermons is the "Codex Guelferbytanus" 4096 (Wolfenbüttel). This was studied and utilized by Morin himself.

Forty-six of the sermons bear on scriptural exegesis or are built on selections from the Old and New Testaments; fifty-three draw their themes from feasts, especially Easter; twenty-nine from celebrations of saints, especially martyrs (John the Baptist, the Apostles Peter and Paul, the Scillium martyrs,

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those of the Massa Candida, Cyprian, Lawrence); one treats of episcopal consecration; one is for the birthday anniversary of the orator; the rest have varied subjects.

In these sermons we find in the fire of his eloquence and in his vivid—almost popular—representations, the multiple activity of the saint, with his searching into mysteries, with his polemics with the Donatists, Manichaeans, Arians and Pelagians. We find his teachings—catechetical, moral, theological—illumined intensely by rapid and deep flashes, by incisive contrasts, by that fire which in his other writings seems to be moderated by a more tranquil meditation. Historical, social, religious ideas of the "City of God" recur. The introspection of the "Confessions" and the disputations of the tracts return, almost in grammatically vulgar forms, with the echo not only of the ideas but sometimes of the very words.

Here we find the canons of sanctity given in detail, yet with sobriety and force—arduous efforts to make of a carnal people a people of God. There are echoes and sometimes repetitions —for his norm is to insist—"opportune to him whom it pleases, importune to him whom it displeases" (Mai, XIX). One finds too, with a variety supplied by a spirit which is continually creative, the character of his style: metrical clauses, parallelism of phrases, with oxymora, isocola, assonances and rhymes—the ex-rhetorician's artifices which, invested with a roaring passion and an overpowering intellect, become the material of a live eloquence and give a certain abruptness to the phrases, forming them into quasi-sentences, easy and incisive, having seemingly a mnemonic scope and going so far as to reduce them to real proverbs. "Arca plena, conscientia bona!" so he teaches the poor (Morin, XII).

He is warm, full of affection, severe: the true pastor who has sketched that magnificent delineation of a bishop, in Sermon XXXIII, discovered by Morin and called by him "the gem of the whole collection, and truly golden." Bishops must be good. "There are no bad bishops; for if they are bad, they are not bishops." Of course it can happen that one of that kind will occupy the cathedra—"You find also in vineyards, as guardians, mere puppets of straw." (Guelf., XXXII, 6). Sometimes the clearness of his demonstrations and the fire of his accent move the audience to such a degree that, in church, they break into applause; as it happened to Saint John Chrysostom and Lacordaire.

That such applause was given is evident from two sermons, till now unedited. In one (Guelf., IX) Augustine was painting with vigorous strokes the picture of the man newly sprung from the Christian revolution, when of a sudden the crowd loudly expressed its approbation. "Why do you shout?" he interrupted. "I am nothing but a minister of Christ, a servant of Christ; and that which I give is not mine, but that which He has given."

On another occasion he spoke about riches and avarice: a theme of great social interest and already treated by Saints Basil, Chrysostom and Ambrose. When he put the dilemma: "Quid vis esse, homo caecus, an vivens pecus?" the crowd broke into applause. And from that fact the orator deduced an argument for his thesis, which was to show the superiority of intellectual goods over temporal gain.

His prose is compact and rapid. In it arguments and concepts are condensed and succeed one another like the ever-varied scenes of a grand panorama, linked by a logic at times seemingly desultory, but revealing upon close inspection an unbroken sequence of which the writer never lost hold, and from which sentiment rarely led him to deviate. His observations are strong and severe. He tells the avaricious man that he is hoarding up mud. He tells the rich man not to fear riches, but vice; not wealth, but cupidity. The heart of the proud man is hard ground which is not softened except by the shower of divine grace. "Christ crucified is a scandal and a folly to unbelievers; but the power and visdom of God for us" (Guelf., II). "May pride not swell in you but decay" (Mai, CXXVII).

Saint Augustine's definition of the Church which begins with the words, "We are the holy Church," is wonderful (Guelf., I). One must love the Church but not the possessions of the Church. Speaking of the Holy Eucharist he always repeats the thought that It is food which replenishes but never exhausts Itself—"reficit, sed non deficit." Just as before and after consecration we see the species of bread and wine, so the Christian, before and after baptism is, in appearance, the same man; but the substance is divinely changed. This similitude is the opening of one of the most beautiful discourses, unearthed by Morin, the one, namely, addressed to the newly baptized on the occasion of their being admitted to the sacred rites on Easter.

The greater and perhaps better part of the sermons is inspired by the Passion and above all by the Resurrection, for "in Christ's Resurrection lies the security of faith" (Guelf., XII, 3). And since Christ is the center of the doctrine which he is treating, his descriptions of Christ's love are bits of hymns in prose: "If Christ loves you, it is your gain and not Christ's; if you love Christ, it is your gain and not Christ's" (Guelf., XV).

"The love of Christ Whom we love in you; the love of Christ Whom you love in us, will lead us through temptations and hardships and trials and cares and miseries and sorrows to the place where there is no hardship, misery, sorrow, sighing and pain, to the place where no one is born and no one dies, there where no one fears the raging of the insolent, because he fixes his gaze on the face of the Omnipotent" (Guelf., XVI, 3).

The idea of man's fear lost in the love of God recurs frequently, especially when he speaks of the martyrs, "whose thought, whose barter was to despise the ephemeral to gain the eternal—to live dying in order not to die living" (Guelf., XXVI). (By the way, this speech gives a new, already famous, list of the writing of Saint Syprian.) "Let us confess Christ and not fear man, let us not be silent out of fear. He who is silent out of fear is a deserter at heart." And these were not mere words of passionate African oratory. Saint Augustine lived them in his fight against the Circumcellions and all the heretics, and adversaries of his Christ—who, being Christ's enemies, were his too.

The collection of sermons recently brought to light, from which I have culled these few illustrations, is rich in the wisdom characteristic of Augustine—a wisdom which is the product of that faith which illumined his intellect. For here too, Saint Augustine defines the relations between faith and understanding according to the formula: "Credo ut intelligam." "Do not understand in order to believe, but believe in order to understand; believing is the labor, understanding the reward. If you do not believe, you will not understand" (Guelf., XI, 4).

These ideas are not new to us. Neither are those on discipline and ethics. But what a new way of looking at things! Really, Saint Augustine does not repeat himself. Though he treats such subjects as the Chanaanean woman, or Saint Cyprian, or Saint John the Baptist, or Easter, several times, his genius ever brings forth new riches from the infinite treasury of the Faith.

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And his diction, even with certain grammatical vulgarisms, at times a little crude, is always forceful—by no means decadent. It is the fine instrument of a fine art. It is an African literary art which is strong and vibrant: in which Tertullian's art is corrected by pastoral responsibility and Cyprian's is enrched by a marvelous doctrine. And yet it has a characteristic all its own—with its flashes, its cleavings, that exuberance of faith and charity, and its hard hammerings on the central idea of the revolution created by Christianity and dramatically characterized in the "City of God."

"THE GLIMMERING LANDSCAPE"

By SISTER EUGENIA

YESTERDAY October's hues streaked every tree and thicket with flaunting red and russet brown. Today the early twilight softens the gaudy colors to frosted mauves and purple shadows; the spirit of riotousness has departed, and a gentler melancholy lays hold of the receptive spirit. Today has a power to transmute familiar things; this hour is a unique one, a beautiful one, a liturgical intersection, the meeting-place and the blending of three worlds—it is the first Vespers of All Souls' Day.

Here in a convent cemetery, more than anywhere else, one can understand the mood of the Church in projecting upon the joyous festival of the blessed the wistful dirge for the departed. A cool wind rustles the grass slightly, and blows a leaf or two across the graveled walk. Rows of white crosses mark the modest graves. The walk divides in the center to encircle the grave of the foundress, unites to divide again farther up to enclose the graves of faithful chaplains, and terminates before an heroic Calvary group.

Sadness has no place here; vain regrets do not belong to this holy spot. A little vestibule of heaven is this where peace, resignation and a quiet triumph breathe through the silent aisles. Children would not fear to walk through the iron gates, and linger near the white crosses unabashed. This is truly God's acre.

A poet idealized a graveyard once, and world-weary hearts have loved the thought of the peace that he portrayed. The little country churchyard that the whole world knows has a great tranquillity, and its atmosphere is one of reverential awe, but it has not the active peace that the convent cemetery owns. In Stoke Pogis, one can imagine the departed ones of the ages of faith waiting in vain for the prayers and the absolution that should surely be theirs; one can see the ghost of the timid leper approaching now an alien portal, and finding the leper's window where he knelt for the houseling of his soul, bricked and barred, and its memory only a curiosity. October's leaves lie there on November's walks heavy and dark with rain, symbols of the departed faith that once informed the lonely acre with great and enduring hope.

There is no room for doubt in my convent cemetery, rich as it is with the bodies of saints, and redolent of immortality. Time was when few graves lay in the vicinity of the Calvary group, but the years have gathered many whose vigorous step brought them here to pray for others gone before. My friends lie here. Yonder is my first teacher's grave; side by side lie two companions of novitiate days; here and there familiar names greet me. One whose sweet spirit attracted me in life ceases not to draw me to her grave. The faith that animated their lives did not perish with their deaths, but breathes again in the promise of eternity.

Pilgrims from other lands lie here, heroines of unknown sacrifices, obscure apostles unaware of the magnitude of their influence. The blessing of the Church falls gratefully on the waiting world in this chant of All Soul's Day, rewarding patience by release, and confirming the awards of salvation. The fulness of God's blessing rests graciously on the quiet denizens of this holy spot, on the potential citizens of the heavenly country.

The evening hour witnesses the blessing of the much-hallowed spot. Faint whisperings of prayer come on the cool light breeze; it is time to leave this "haunt of ancient peace." Three worlds meet here—the glorified, the suffering, and the militant—meet and mingle in gracious harmony. Trivialities lose their significance to one who views the record of other aims, of destinies set aside, of lowly paths followed to an unexpected great reward. It is sweet to wander about scattering little prayers as one goes. Nothing unworthy intrudes upon this sacred ground. The cares of life await us outside the iron gates, and thither must we go called by the soft cadence of a chiming bell.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CASE OF HUNGARY

Tarentum, Pa.

TO the Editor: To paraphrase one of the current complaints of the Magyar feudal nobility whom the Treaty of Trianon compelled to disgorge the non-Magyar nationalities held under an ignominious yoke, "for over a thousand years" have the Slovaks suffered from a "blessing" bestowed upon them by his infernal majesty.

A lost war and a successful revolution liberated the non-Magyar nationals and separated them from the Magyar political state in which they had been denied even the most primitive human rights.

In the new state formation, known as the Czechoslovak Republic, the rights of the minorities are carefully guarded, which statement is best borne out by the number of educational institutions conducted and maintained for the benefit of those whom geographical frontiers separate from their mother-land. To look for similar treatment of racial minorities in what is left of the former Magyar state (*Magyarország*) would be the acme of optimism. No Magyar statesman or politician ever had or perhaps ever will have that much sense for fair play. Last but not least, either malice, ignorance, or perhaps both, would speak of Slovakian minorities. "There ain't no such animal." . . .

"The Tragedy of Trianon", by Sir Robert Donald, with an introduction by Viscount Rothermere, may be sentimental without necessarily being true. It reminds this writer too much of the tears for a certain defunct banker in whose bank said friend had not lost a single penny.

For over a thousand years have the Magyars violated every law of God and man in their contact with the Slovaks, and that was all right. Now the Slovaks are removed from their baneful influence and are on the road toward the working out of as much political freedom as they will be able to fight for. It is regrettable that some Magyars were allotted to the new republic, but it makes all the difference in the world whose ox gets gored. Why should anyone in America or England get "het up" over the sad fate of eighty families of feudal nobility, where the future happiness of 2,000,000 Slovaks is at stake? Those sympathetic tears of Sir Donald and Viscount Rothermere smack of a cheap circus performance.

J. J. KONUŠ.

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THE VALE OF THE LIFFEY

Wauwatosa, Wis.

TO the Editor: The lady to whom Lord Chesterfield spoke the well-known lines, passingly mentioned in the article "The Vale of the Liffey," was Eleanor Ambrose, who is yet in Irish tradition a popular personage. She is still remembered as "the dangerous Papist."

Before Chesterfield accepted the viceroyalty, he had been warned of the perils he was likely to encounter from the disturbed state of the country and the machinations of the Catholic party. But shortly after his arrival in Ireland, he wrote home that Miss Ambrose was "the only dangerous Papist" he had met with. Thence originated the sobriquet that has ever since been identified with the lady. And many were the graceful speeches he made to this matchless beauty of the viceregal court.

There was a custom among the court ladies on July 1 to wear, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, orange lilies at the castle. At one of the anniversaries, Lord Chesterfield, observing that Miss Ambrose wore a like favor, addressed her in these extemporary lines:

"Say, lovely traitress, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
When that same breast uncover'd shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?"

There is, however, another version of this same theme. Mr. O'Callaghan, in his "History of the Irish Brigades," gives it, upon the authority of Miss Archbold (a first cousin of Miss Ambrose), as follows:

"Tell me, Ambrose, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
When, underneath, that bosom shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose."

As Miss Ambrose (afterward Mrs. Roger Palmer of Castle Lacken, County Mayo) was never a Tory, either of the above verses is more suitable to her than the lines which are given in the article.

EUGENE A. MORAN.

THE PRESENT OF FUTURISM

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: There is a fact about the current practice of wisecracking which explains its usualness. It requires no great amount of knowledge in the person indulging in it, and but scant logic. What is necessary is a facile cleverness, a surface familiarity with names and places and with the current froth of intellectual life. I have in mind, particularly, the literary wisecrackers, the persons who have brought to things literary and artistic, the type of inspection and comment which has its origin in the tobacco-chewing oracles of the country store, and the descendents of these, the bright lights of the Pullman smoking compartments.

Understanding is not a quality of the wisecracker. If he has any he will subdue any tendency to use it, for understanding breeds thoughtfulness and thoughtfulness brings with it a healthy doubt about the rightness of broad generalizations. This doubt would help make the wisecracker an honest man; but it would not serve his purpose to be honest, he hopes rather to be clever. Therefore he takes refuge in a baffling, nonconsecutive type of comment, wherein there is practically no relationship in the ideas expressed. His trail is well covered and the effect, to the uninformed, is one of brilliancy.

Mr. Harvey Wickham, in his recent article, "The Present of Futurism," appearing in the September 34 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, gives a startling example of literary wisecracking. I say startling, because I had supposed Mr. Wickham to possess a mentality which did not necessitate the use of questionable means to produce an appearance of brilliancy. Stripped of its verbiage, Mr. Wickham's article says, in effect, that futurism was a noise, and it may be assumed that he means a discordant noise. Also that dadaism was a noise, that the noise of the cubists was chromatic and that of the surrealists was superacoustical.

His accompanying thought has to do with tactilism, which, to quote him again, is the worship of the sense of touch. His comment on this idea of tactilism is to the point and lucid enough. However when he carelessly groups together futurism, dadaism, cubism and surrealism and, by implication, links the productions of the distinguished artists identified with these movements to tactilism, as a pernicious aid to animalism, he covers ground so rapidly and with such startling jumps, that the unwelcome conclusion is forced on one that the author lacks understanding of the artistic movements about which he so freely writes.

I am assuming, since Mr. Wickham lists the names of movements in the fine arts, futurism *et al,* that his article has to do with painting and sculpture, although he mentions neither specifically. Like most inexact writers on these arts he borrows the terminology of music to describe his reactions. In fact, this is the gist of Mr. Wickham's comment: music, by which I understand him to mean art in general, is intended to soothe the savage breast.

Is art then to be relegated to the position of a soporific? This is not a very fresh idea and certainly not a valuable one. There are people who so regard religion, and it is a view as destructive to vital art as it is to vital religion.

BARRY BYRNE.

MESSRS. HOOPER AND WINCHELL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A letter appearing in THE COMMONWEAL on October 8, contains, among other entertaining bits of financial exhibitionism, a statement concerning Mr. O. O. McIntyre, whose newspaper writings are handled by the McNaught Syndicate. The statement is that "Mr. McIntyre's weekly return is $1,250 weekly."

This is a misstatement. It is not only incorrect, but so ridiculously false that it is evident the writer of the letter had not the slightest idea of what Mr. McIntyre's "weekly return" is.

Neither Mr. McIntyre nor this syndicate has any desire to engage in any contest with those persons who feel the urge to tell the world about how much money they make or would like to make.

However, in justice to the newspapers that pay high prices for Mr. McIntyre's writings, we would like to say that Mr. McIntyre's income from his writings is far greater than that of any of his detractors, imitators or would-be compeitors.

The spectacle of writers clamoring for public attention, while they cry out uninteresting tales about how much money they make and about how much money other people do not make, is one of the very amusing phenomena of the new American journalism.

McNAUGHT SYNDICATE, INC.
By V. V. McNitt, President.

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SUBSTANCE AND ACCIDENTS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The Editor has himself only to blame for opening his columns for interminable discussions of philosophers on the nature of substance and of accident.

My own contribution is a *correctio correctionis,* in that while agreeing with Father Donnelly in most of his strictures against Neo-Scholasticus I strenuously object to his interpretation of the word "immaterial." He challenges the assertion of Neo-Scholasticus that "substance is immaterial." This challenge is well founded if "immaterial" is taken to be synonymous with "spiritual." But if by "immaterial" is meant the capability of or indifference to existing in a material *or* spiritual way, then substance is rightly called immaterial. This latter use of the word "immaterial" is made in one well-recognized definition of metaphysics as "that part of philosophy which treats of that which is immaterial and supersensible in real being." Obviously "immaterial" here does not mean "spiritual," but refers to "entities" which may be and are common to the two orders of being, matter and spirit.

Now that my neck is exposed, in turn, I await the ax of a following critic.

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON.

Nebraska City, Neb.

TO the Editor: Whilst the question as to the nature of substance and accident is primarily and ultimately a question for the physicist to decide, it is also one which interests the philosopher as well as the theologian.

Father Donnelly, S.J., in his rejoinder to Neo-Scholasticus observes as follows: "The truth is that Scholastics distinctly deny that any material substance is whole in every part of the object." How does this conform with the doctrine of Saint Thomas who in speaking of the Holy Eucharist lays down the principle: "Quia ex vi hujus sacramenti est in altari substantia corporis Christi, quantitas autem dimensiva corporis Christi est in hoc sacramento non secundum proprium modum sed per modum substantiae, cujus natura est tota in toto et tota in qualibet parte" (III, Q. lxxvi, a. 4, ad 1 um.)

Father Donnelly further observes: "They [the Scholastics] have always held . . . that the substance of every body is material." As he fails to make the distinction indicated above, it may be asked how he arrives at the knowledge of any material substance, by sense perception or by a process of reasoning? Just how would he define electricity in this connection?

A. WAGNER.

TRADITION

Minneapolis, Minn.

TO the Editor: While Mr. Belloc was enumerating the list of items for which the human race is indebted to tradition, it appears that he included one too many. He states that "It is tradition that has formed right morals and right manners." As the theologian and logician might put it: the latter . . . *concedo;* the former . . . *nego.* Tradition, indeed, has given us right manners but it has taken more than that to give us right morals. In short, right morals spring from the very nature of man. Tradition may have passed on some comments on them but it could scarcely form what has been God-given. Traditionally formed morals belong to Russell's and Mencken's camp. However, I am sure that Mr. Belloc did not mean just what the statement implies. It is no doubt a case of "Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus."

JOHN MURPHY.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Roar China

THE THEATRE GUILD has given itself over to what one critic aptly terms a Chinese "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—except for the obvious fact that it is Russian and not Chinese, and that it is frankly and admittedly special pleading for the conversion of China to Soviet principles. The action of the play takes place on a quay in the harbor of Wan Hsien and on the foreward deck of a British cruiser at anchor in the harbor during the summer of 1926. The play was written by S. M. Tretyakov and comes to the English-speaking stage by way of a German translation.

The background of this sprawling, awkward but powerfully staged melodrama is as follows. The author, who is a leader of the extreme "left" movement in art in Russia today, and the editor of a monthly magazine of art, was in China at the time of the incident upon which the present play is based. On returning to Russia, he put the story into the form of a poem and later the Soviet authorities urged him to convert it into a play. The play was successful and is still part of the repertory of the Meierhold Theatre.

Essentially, the play is a matter of black and white values, with no intermediate tones. Its European characters are, with two exceptions, either unqualified villains or consummate fools. In this it departs radically from those qualities which gave "Uncle Tom's Cabin" its singular hold upon the emotions and destinies of a generation. We find no balance between the bright and dark side of the white man's assumed mandate over the Orient. It is all dark. The captain of H.M.S. Europa voices the alleged policy of the white man in the East by demanding the lives of two Chinese in exchange for the life of one white man who has been drowned in a quarrel with a coolie boatman. This, he tells us, is the only way for the white race to maintain its supremacy in the East. The coolies are all downtrodden and humble souls who must be recalled from their superstitions and their servility by the example of Russia. The implied command is the imperative "Roar China!"

The Theatre Guild, thanks to impressive and ingenious settings by Lee Simonson, has mounted the play in such fashion as to extract the last iota of melodrama, of atmosphere and of irony. The play undoubtedly holds one's interest as tightly as murder, tragedy and violence always do. But there are so many faults of construction that the illusion frequently comes close to evaporation. Climaxes are overdue to an extent that breaks the sense of reality. Incidents—important ones, upon which the play turns—are so arranged that they do not appear inevitable. The hand of the playwright seems to descend on the stage and to be arranging everything before your eyes. You are never quite convinced that this or that had to happen. And so you find yourself alternating between rapt attention and keen disappointment, between the spell of illusion and the keen consciousness of the author's deliberate intention.

According to the story, an American merchant of the blustering and bullying order is drowned, partly by accident, in a quarrel over the fare with a boatman. The affair is reported to the captain of the British war vessel. All the attendant details become exaggerated. The type characters from the foreign colony flee to the ship, where they proceed to recount how the American was tortured before being killed, how his eyes were put out and the soles of his feet burned with hot irons. The foreigners toast the ship's captain as their saviour. Only a

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hard-boiled newspaper reporter and the daughter of a British concessionaire see through the madness and folly. At last the mayor of the town and his student interpreter arrive to express regret over the accident. The captain insists on calling it murder—and demands apology, indemnity, a funeral for the American and the erection of a stone cross upon his grave. He further demands either the life of the boatman, or, if he is not found within six hours, the lives of two other coolies from the boatmen's guild. Protests and appeals for mercy are all in vain. If his conditions are not carried out to the letter, he threatens to bombard the town with the big guns of his ship.

From this point on, the tragic incidents are served up with a plethora of detail. A Chinese serving boy on the ship hangs himself before the captain's door. The horrified coolie boatmen —who have helped the "murderer" to escape—draw lots. One of those to be strangled at dawn is a patient believer of the old school. The other is a poor wretch who is married and "wants to live." Nothing is spared of his agony—although it is never clear just why the married as well as the unmarried coolies, the young as well as the old, should have had to draw lots. But the author is determined to pile on the pathos as well as the agony. As a climax, both the coolies are strangled in full view of the audience and under spot-light—after which China begins to roar and the play comes to an end.

The strangling episode is an excellent example of how the intention to create horror fails of its purpose when made too literal on the stage. Intimated horror is always more effective in the theatre than photographic realism. A study of the Grand Guignol method would prove this point. If, for example, the coolies had been strapped to the strangling board with their backs to the audience, and the horror permitted to come through the watching crowd and the creaking of the wooden screws, illusion might have been saved. But the attempt at full realism merely drives in the feeling that, after all, this is only a stage with actors going through parts.

Both the producers and the author are thus guilty of a fundamental lack of artistry. They do not accomplish what they set out to do. No matter what view one might take of the propaganda aspects of the play, this criticism would hold true. Passion and indignation are not, in themselves, signs of artistic power. Unless bent to the forms of art, they merely defeat themselves, whether in literature or on the stage. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

Siegfried

EVA LEGALLIENNE has attempted once more to import a foreign play of rather local topical interest. Jean Giraudoux's play of a Frenchman who lost his memory in the war and became, thanks to the devotion of his nurse, a leader of the German people, was probably both interesting and dramatic in the original French and as produced before a French audience. But Miss LeGallienne's company, so expert in the lines, is unequal to this particular task. Nor is an American audience capable of giving that particular response to many of the lines and situations which a French audience would give. The play is not really universal in its scope or feeling, and in all such cases particular audiences become of prime importance in the success of the theatre. The thoroughly responsive audience can turn a play of this character into something of lively interest. An unresponsive audience can make it dull and pedantic.

In this particular instance, a French audience would regularly accept the artificiality of the situation for the sake of the medium it offers for bringing out the contrasting philosophies of France and Germany, and of various groups within each of these two countries. Taken in its profound aspects, M. Giraudoux is really calling upon the Germans to reassert their true genius—which is poetry, music and philosophy—and to abandon the effort to become an efficient machine in a mechanical civilization. Siegfried represents a French mentality applied to Germany and this, according to M. Giraudoux, is obviously an impossible combination. The future happiness of the world, we gather, lies in Germany remaining inherently German, and in France remaining inherently French. Yet at the very end of the play, there is a hint that each has so much to give to the other that it is possible to call Siegfried either by his German name or by his original French name.

By far the most authentic performance is that of Egon Brecher as Baron Von Zelten, a German who is trying to bring back Germany to its old ideas in contrast to the rigid discipline being imposed by Siegfried. In contrast, Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami never gives the slightest intimation of being really French at heart. Nor is Miss LeGallienne, whose task it is in the play to recall Siegfried to his memory of France and to his French destiny, quite capable of giving the impassioned flair which a French actress could bestow upon the part. To have life and vitality, this play requires an intensely nationalistic portrayal of each of the characters. The lines alone are not enough to portray this contrast of feeling, emotion and idea.

There are, of course, many moments of pleasant comedy which Miss LeGallienne's company manages to bring out quite successfully, but the prevailing impression is listless and inadequate. The subject-matter seems to become of less and less importance as the play progresses. The settings are provided by Aline Bernstein and are amusing and unusual in their feeling for national contrast. If the actors could carry out this same feeling in their work, the play might be very different, even when presented to an American audience. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

Friendship

When we have journeyed the pathway through
  And dark comes down on our way,
Take me into the night with you,
  For death is the door of day.

Starlight's gleams! And the moonlit skies!
  Roadway for you and me!
And heaven's gate before us lies,
  Crossing the silver sea.

Earth's pathways leagues apart are trod;
  Yet, when I kneel to pray,
My heart goes with you, over the road,
  Every step of the way!

Death is the spirit's freedom given:
  Come then, at death, for me!
Our pathway's one, at last, to heaven,
  And dawning on the sea!

Beyond the moonlight's purple hue
  There shall our morning be;
Take me into the light with you,
  Into the golden sea!

SISTER ROSE OF SAINT MARY.

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BOOKS

The End of a Golden Age

The Edwardians, by V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

MISS SACKVILLE-WEST'S title announces her ambition to characterize an era. The project thus suggested has, for some curious reason, escaped the popular chroniclers who for over ten years have satisfied the demand for "period histories" by providing a rakish pageant that extends from the "fabulous forties" through the "gay nineties." The proper adjective for the decade of Edward VI and Roosevelt would probably be "arrogant." No doubt the arrogance was moribund—the last loud display of ambition among the rival European nations before Armageddon. Yet the Edwardians were largely unaware of an impending catastrophe. Masked by professions of Victorian decorum and supported by the vulgarity of middle-class taste, the hypocrisy of the last aristocrats flourished in special splendor. In England the benign and paunchy figure of "The Peacemaker" hovered like an obliging patron over the moral freemasonry of his blooded subjects. Tariff reform and collapsing ententes crowded the newspapers. Ominous proclamations thundered from Potsdam. The imperial horizon smoked with smothered fires. But the Homburg hat and the willow plume graciously dominated those fashionable gatherings at Henley and Ascot, at court-levées and garden parties, where the lofty beauty of ladies and the gallantry of flushed gentlemen promoted, rather than quieted, an observer's speculations on the fearful scandals concealed in the shrubbery. The age was visibly uneasy, but no one worried. Everyone was growing richer. Few books were written, fewer read. The sanctity of the country-house and of the five-pound note would endure forever.

The author has constructed her intimate knowledge of that dangerous interlude between 1900 and 1914 into a novel. Her model is plainly found in the early Disraeli, who fostered in its last luxuriance that baroque species of satire which Miss Sackville-West here tries to revive. Her tale of Sebastian, the Edwardian young duke, is in its barest outlines a portent of the conventional comment she makes upon the age that surrounds it. Sebastian languishes with his sister Viola under the pouting surveillance of his mother, the dowager Duchess, hedged in on one side by the antique splendor of the ducal estate, Chevron, and on the other by the complex vacuity of Edwardian society. Into his life walks Anquetil, Antarctic explorer, bringing along with a breath of adventure and personal courage a challenge to escape the stifling coils of social convention. Ignoring the challenge, Sebastian sets forth on his ducal career: Oxford and the Guards, a collusion with the middle-aged Sylvia Lady Roehampton, adventures further afield with Teresa Spedding of the middle classes, the expected carousings and defeats. Through the sheer aristocracy ingrained in his spirit, he meets only revulsion in these experiments, and the Chevron he once loved turns stale on his hands. With the premonition of disaster overwhelming him, he again encounters Anquetil in the midst of the panoply of George V's coronation, pours forth his heart ("It's an awful thing to have been born a duke!"), discovers Anquetil's betrothal to Viola, and finally agrees to leave England for three years of polar exploration in order to regain his personality and "be a better master to Chevron." This unstudied fable was built as a rack upon which the threadbare but glittering vesture of Edwardian splendor might be draped.

Miss Sackville-West invites attention on two scores: as narrator and as social critic. The obviously shoddy material of her drama, and the lay figures with which she has populated it, deny her a rank among the important novelists. The sophistication of her style flags and the resources of her wit and taste seldom fail her, but she has never cultivated the creative sympathy which could relieve the banality of her invention or enliven the cardboard lineaments of her characters. Although written more fully in the current mode, "The Edwardians" marks but little progress over her earlier novels, all of them essentially undistinguished. As a social critic, she displays great wit, but little of the penetrating insight which would make her, in the dust-cover's terms, a mistress of the *roman de moeurs*. Her research has been spirited: her atmosphere is as authentic as her settings. But to devise an amusing set-piece or parody of a bygone decade is one thing: to justify one's jeer is another. Unless a novelist is willing to submit a convincing corrective for the fallacies of society, his defect as a critic is plain. Apparently Miss Sackville-West has found no very strong moral or ethical substitute for the atrophy of King Edward's day. Her gaiety rings shallow, and Sebastian's revolt remains pointless and desultory. The felicity of her project outdistances her success in execution, and it is a minor aspect of her book which remains its most rewarding.

In her picture of Chevron she has given a beautiful elegy on the country-house, the last relic of English feudalism. The similar records of Meredith and Galsworthy must bow to the excellence of this characterization for here the model was Knole, the illimitable Kentish manor-house, plundered by Elizabeth and granted to the Earls Sackville in the course of its thousand-year history. Miss Sackville-West has already done her best work in writing that history under the title, "Knole and the Sackvilles." Although the mellow, time-hallowed beauty of Chevron is now inhabited by ignoble hearts and feeble heroes, it will be remembered as a monument, not to the gay days of King Edward, but to the chivalry that reigned there long before that monarch graced its halls for a week-end, presided over its roasts and liqueurs, smoked its choicest Turkish cigars, and covered with his heavy-handed joke its lurking scandals.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Victorians Defended

Those Earnest Victorians, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. New York: William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

As We Were, A Victorian Peep-Show, by E. F. Benson. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $4.00.

In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles, by R. D. Blumenfeld. New York: Brewer and Warren, Incorporated. $3.50.

THE PRESENT-DAY attitude toward our Victorian forebears has suffered a great change. Ten years ago the word Victorian denoted all that was hideous in art and prudish in manners. Today decorators are wondering if they cannot fit in a walnut what-not; the latest styles from Callot hark back to the eighties; and there is a decided swing, in theory at least, to the dignity of deportment of an older day. This difference is also to be found in three recent books dealing with the Victorian era, written with understanding and sympathy, in great contrast to the acid essays and snickering biographies of a few years ago.

In comparison with other periods of English history, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, in "Those Earnest Victorians," finds the four mid-decades of the nineteenth century more fruitful in

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individual achievement than any other, with the possible exception of the Elizabethan. Never before did the country make such advance in the paths of material progress and social reform. The prodigious statesmanship of Gladstone and Disraeli placed under the rule of the queen more peoples, nations and languages than little England held counties. In the field of literature towered Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, Carlyle and Maculay. In addition, England reached in those days a higher moral level, in that men became kindlier, less drink-sodden, less crudely lecherous. The great Victorian quality was earnestness and fierce concentration, and though we may laugh at their seriousness, it carried the greatest of them to heights few moderns give promise of attaining.

Yet Mr. Wingfield-Stratford by no means unqualifiedly admires the period. Its greatest mistake he considers to have been the wholesale mechanization of England, which brought in its wake suffering and squalid horror. He also deplores the large families of the time, on the ground that they overpopulated the island beyond all hope of being fed by products grown at home. In these two matters, the author tells us, lay the failure of the Victorians to adjust themselves to changing environment. They also lacked a philosophy and a religion to suit the changing times. The author considers Newman one of the best qualified minatory prophets of the day, but when the Oxford Movement led to Rome, he regards its leaders as lost to England. Whether we do or do not agree with Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's views, his book on the whole is a thoughtful contribution to the history of the British people between 1830 and 1870, written in a spirit of critical detachment and with an honest effort to appreciate the significance of Victoria's England.

Less weighty in treatment, but of equal interest and perhaps greater literary merit, is "As We Were" by E. F. Benson, the son of the archbishop of Canterbury, who writes from personal acquaintance and a two-edged understanding of the personages, events and conventions of the Victorian scene. On the political stage he shows us the mighty Gladstone, Disraeli and the overshadowed and pleasure-loving Prince of Wales. He also includes us in his friendship with many famous in art and letters. But his notable contribution is to the literature of Victoria herself. We feel her homeliness and dignity, her common sense, her lack of imagination or of humor, her middle-class mind, her tremendous industry. There is also the picture of a very human and lovable old lady who wept over the foundation-stone of a chapel laid by the late prince consort, who snubbed her daughter-in-law, and on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee could not be persuaded to wear state robes, but limped down the aisle of Westminister Abbey attired in a black satin dress and white bonnet with streamers. Scarcely less imposing were the three great ladies—the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Londonderry and Lady Ripon—to whose dominating personalities and dignity and fine manners Mr. Benson devotes a whole chapter.

Mr. Blumenfeld's "Bicycles and Bustles" means much less to entertainment or to letters. A famous American journalist, for many years he saw and took part in the stir of great events, political and other, in the British capital. Unfortunately the parts of his diary which make up his book are too detached to give a satisfying picture of the notable period it covers. Rarely does Mr. Blumenfeld follow through with the career of any personage of moment, and his few expressions of opinion on political and scientific subjects are inclined to be ultra-conservative. He does give some amusing side-lights on famous characters in British political life, which convince us more than ever that the Victorian was the age of personalities.

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These books are mounting proof of the old saw: the trash of one generation are the treasures of the next. The generation that banished Victoria's world to the attic has definitely joined the long procession itself. To make room beneath the rafters for the era 1900-1930, we shall now disinter the one that preceded it. Some of it we are finding worthy of a place among our present treasures from the great ages that went before.

JULIA KERNAN.

Problems of Education

School Discipline and Character, by Sister Mary Jutta, O.S.F. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

The Growing Boy, by Paul Hanly Furfey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE appearance of a new volume of the Marquette Educational Monographs is becoming an event in educational circles. The present book is without doubt the most important book of the series so far published.

Sister Jutta says that it was her purpose "to analyze from a moral standpoint the disciplinary means" available and in use in schools. She treats discipline "fundamentally and constructively in relation to the ultimate end of Christian education." Among the subjects discussed are the nature, aims and essentials of discipline; incentives and correctives; and the possibility of intelligent discipline. They are treated from a practical viewpoint and are intended for a day-by-day application. An extensive annotated bibliography is a valuable addition.

There is a large number of pertinent quotations and original cases. Several letters elicited from the children are truly remarkable. Sister Jutta must have employed an excellent technique, since it is the experience of the reviewer that, as a rule, children write such answers to questions as the proponent is likely to be pleased with, regardless of their own views. The cases are well selected, analyzed and evaluated. So far too few of our well-educated Sisters have given us their mature opinions on educational problems. It is hoped that many more will do so.

Dr. Furfey offers us a book about children of another type. Deploring that the scientific study of the personality of the growing child is still a virgin field, he attempts to shed light on the personality development of boys between six and sixteen years. His technique is the objective test and the case method, with particular emphasis on the latter. The subjects of his study were 168 city boys.

The cases offered for illustration and generalization are very fairly typical—in the sense that they tell us not what all average boys do, but what they might do.

Chapters on growth in general, on the gradual development in maturity and on the first six years of life prepare for the introduction of the six-year-old. This age marks the beginning of new experiences in school and church. His eighth birthday finds the boy midway between his six-year-old brother and the appearance of the gang age, which the author places around ten rather than at twelve. From twelve to sixteen, the age of adolescence, the boy becomes more and more a problem. The fourteenth year is likely to be critical owing to the transition from school to school or to work. The age of sixteen finds the boy readjusting himself.

Father Furfey has given us a good study. A good bibliography follows every chapter in the book. It deserves a place alongside his notable work, "The Gang Age," which was published some years ago.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

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The Poet of Failure

The Glory of the Nightingales, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

BY THIS time one can pick up a new poem by Mr. E. A. Robinson and predict with fair certainty that it will occupy itself with tragic men struggling for breath in a vacuum of ironic failure. "The Glory of the Nightingales" (a rather lyrical title for so sombre a book) cleaves true to the general tradition of Mr. Robinson's poetry by contributing two important portraits to his gallery of men who have failed. Malory and Nightingale, friends who loved the same woman, are drawn for us at the beginning of the tale with the deep black strokes of love-turned-to-hatred. Malory would kill Nightingale for cause, and plans to do so until he finds his vengeance nullified by the terrible fate which has already overtaken his enemy. Malory's set determination and joyous passion to destroy Nightingale are met by the latter's humility and helplessness—two potent sterilizers of hate which deprive Malory of the only happiness possible to him. And Malory is not the only disappointed character in the poem; actually, there is no satisfying morsel for any of the hungers indicated in "The Glory of the Nghtingales." Everyone in the book is chained by pitiless Ananke to the rock of his own desolation; the poem is conceived in a cold gloom that is not at all relieved by Malory's final (and rather unsatisfactory) dedication of himself to "service."

In manipulating these tragic protagonists against the backdrop of dark destiny Mr. Robinson is, as always, the fingerer of deep psychologic flaws, the analyst of mens' spiritual futilities. It seem to me that no living poet has his skill and stubborn patience in delineating unhappiness, and that no dramatist since Racine has proceeded more logically or cruelly from premise to conclusion. Few artists have Mr. Robinson's power to make an audience writhe so meanly, so uncomfortably, while still retaining consciousness that man is essentially a grand piece of work.

As a line-maker and word-placer, Mr. Robinson works alone. If he had nothing in the world to say he would roll it out with a personal and distinguished flam, like a strange drum beaten by elegant, precise hands. But he has a great deal to say about man and his destiny—a dark fragment of which he indicates in "The Glory of the Nightingales."

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Lord of the Press

Northcliffe: An Intimate Biography, by Hamilton Fyfe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

HAVING spent the last ten years largely in the business of appraising biographical books for critical purposes, I am sure I have some right to express the opinion that this is as good a biography as has been written in that time and as good a biography as any author now writing is ever likely to write. Mr. Fyfe is able to make you see a man, and see through him, without laboriously "painting a picture" or constructing a character sketch. His style of writing comes near being a model, for it has the unusual quality of being perfect without obtruding its perfection. Finally, he thinks while he writes and yet does not antagonize you by thinking aloud. He writes, of course, as an admirer of Northcliffe, but is able to convince you that that is no defect.

On the one occasion when I met Northcliffe and was closeted with him for an hour or so, there was something about him that

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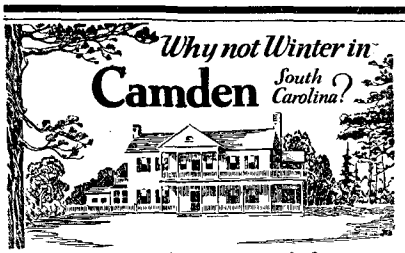

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fascinated me, but which I was not able to define, then or since. When I read Mr. Fyfe's biography that quality defined itself, at last. Mr. Fyfe insists all through on Northcliffe's curious and lifelong "boyishness." That's it; the thing has its definition. Here he is, picking up a hobo who turns out to be a good talker; Northcliffe has him scrubbed and barbered, takes him to dinner and introduces him as "Colonel Smith," and sends him on his way with a railroad ticket and a five-pound note. When he has become "the most powerful man in England," as they called him in 1916, he is still giving lifts in his car to tramps. He is glad to become Northcliffe, because it is a name with no H in it. "I was so tired," he says happily, " of being called Mr. 'Armsworth by one of my most capable secretaries that I felt it quite a relief when he had to call me Sir H'Alfred. Now I'm rid of that too."

In him Mr. Fyfe shows us the great stunt-maker of journalism, which is what he was. The stunt, in this country as well as in his own, follows the lines Northcliffe drew. But he loathed the incoming of commercial daily journalism and fought it; he struggled against what Mr. Fyfe calls "journal-producing as a trade."

In this book we find a man who saw to the center of things, not merely the circumference. He combated the mushy English talk about their American cousins: "Cousins, no more cousins than Chinese and Japanese! Our cousins are the Germans. That's why we can't get on with 'em." He put his finger, in the troubled days of 1914, on the feeling between northern and southern Ireland; "In Ulster they talk about the battle of the Boyne as if it happened last week, and in County Cork they will speak of Oliver Cromwell as if he had massacred their own parents or their own children."

The war, which he had foreseen and in which he played such a historic part, changed him; it "liberated in Northcliffe the potential great man." "Up to this time he has laughed at everything, including himself. Now he has found something at which he does not want to laugh." With only one aim, victory, he tore down ministries and military duffers; he wore himself out, and died with a ruined brain.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Problems of Purity

Sex Education and Training in Chastity, by Reverend Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap. New York: Benziger Brothers. $3.75.

"NATURE is always more complex than our interpretation of her." If this be true—and who may doubt it?—the inevitable implication is that it needs a wisdom more than human to deal with nature soundly in all its multiform approaches to the spirit.

That there is but one institution in the world that possesses this wisdom is true and it is rarely more fully shown within the limits of a single volume than in Father Kirsch's exposition of the Church's stand on the knotty question of sex education for the young. Unalterable in the principles it sets down for our guidance, the Church yet recognizes the almost infinite variety of the problems offered to their application, since no two minds react identically to knowledge in so subtle and sensitive a matter as the awakening of sexual instinct.

To those used to the extremist opinions voiced in the popular controversy on this subject carried on in the press, such moderate and sane counsels should come as a welcome refreshment, and not less so the fact that truth is recommended as the pivot about which all such education should turn. Some children, indeed, may be safely told more than others, how much, of

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course, depending on the character, the temperament and the imagination of the individual, but whatever is told them must be the truth.

Even more important than this, however, is the stress laid by the Church on training in chastity as differentiated from mere information about sex. Now, as throughout the ages, it is in the development of character and self-control, the training in subjecting the personal will to the will of God in all departments of human action, that we must find the chief bulwark against sins of impurity as against all sins.

Father Kirsch is of the philosophic mind that refuses to be stampeded into panic over contemporary conditions. He is by no means assured that the problem is more acute today than in former ages, yet I think that from his book one fact emerges that should give us pause. While the obsessing passions of sex have always been with us, while they always will be with us, as one of the chief obstacles to perfect Christian life, and while temptations to the young may have been as rampant in many periods as they are today, yet we of this age are confronted by a new danger in what may be called the pagan philosophy of incontinence now coming into vogue and in which lurks the gravest menace for the future.

R. BURNHAM-CLINTON.

Petering Out

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. $2.50.

TIME was when a new Galsworthy book, dealing with the tribe of Forsyte, was one of the chief literary events of a season, however crowded with good things. The first of the lot, "A Man of Property," was the most perfect, one of the most perfect things of its kind in the annals of British fiction. A later and relatively neglected novel, "Fraternity," seemed to run it a close second in those strange undergraduate days, haunted by the ghost of a "social conscience." But as, one by one, successors to the first Forsyte book periodically appeared, we began to doubt a little the aesthetic expediency of Mr. Galsworthy's scheme.

It seem to be the inevitable fate of these trilogies, cycles and prose epics. The various characters in Balzac's magnificent "Human Comedy" are surely very unequal in interest, while to one reader at least those of Zola's chronicles are without interest at all. In the same way, certain volumes of "The Forsyte Saga" seemed to us very good indeed, and others solemn, trifling, almost dull. It was, of course, pleasant to see Soames, the inerrable man of business, rehabilitated, and the lovely and somewhat perverse Irene ending her days felicitously beside "Young" Jolyon who in the present volume of sketches appears as a schoolboy. Certainly he is more interesting as a schoolboy than as an ageing painter, the customary way of all flesh, needless to add.

The two immediate followers of "A Man of Property," "In Chancery" and "To Let," almost hold their own with that masterpiece, but with the possible exception of "The Silver Spoon," a capital story of a feminine feud, we cannot say as much for the rest of "A Modern Comedy." As for the present volume it is disappointing in the extreme. That marvelous Bayswater quartette composed of Aunts Hester and Ann, Mrs. Septimus Small and the all but invisible Timothy, which provided so priceless a vein in the first cycle, seems to us in the present reading almost as dull and dusty as one of Bayswater's Sunday afternoons.

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Briefer Mention

These Generations, by Elinor Mordaunt. New York: Brewer and Warren, Incorporated. $2.50.

THERE is a baffling kind of writing, in which the obviousness of the formula and the patent use of sentimentality do not defeat the power to interest and charm. Mrs. Mordaunt is one of those who have its secret. The framework of "These Generations" is not particularly impressive. We have an old countess living in Central America with her fourth husband (twenty years or so younger than she) on the estates willed her by some one of her previous three husbands—to the reader they tend to merge, along with the figures of the lovers who people her reminiscences, into one indeterminate male. We have her children and grandchildren growing about her, taking lovers and mistresses and husbands and wives in their turn, and mounting or descending to their appointed felicities and despairs. We have an unwanted husband murdered, a beautiful girl a suicide, a staunch girl rewarded; and finally we have the old harridan-Venus who is the fountainhead of all this life and trouble and ecstasy, expiring amid universal regret, and thinking, there is no doubt of it, *Qualis artifex pereo.* That is Mrs. Mordaunt's real thesis: this woman was an artist at life and love, unmoral and splendid. The implications thus offered are not worthy of serious consideration. But the beauty and glamour and sense of enchanting *dolce far niente* that do somehow authentically pervade the book will give it a real appeal.

Tales Told by Simpson, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THIS collection of short stories rediscovers to us Miss Sinclair's sturdy talent, somewhat obscured of late by the rise of clever artificial writers. Manner is here held in complete subordination to matter. Miss Sinclair's detachment of judgment might be called masculine, whereas her intuitive apprehension of values is feminine in its directness. Her interest is in irony, particularly that form of irony which exposes the discord between the subjective personality and its external manifestations. The stories are concerned with the higher Bohemia of English society and are not always pleasant. But they have value from their skill of recounting, their verisimilitude, and the standard of judgment which their author insists upon: completeness of integration in the individual.

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